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THE POSITION OF THE PREMIER.

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Go on, great premier, in thy way,
No matter what the tories say;
It surely can be no disgrace
For you to try and keep your place.
They say that, by the Maynooth Grant,
To keep your place is all you want;
It is a wise and cunning plan—
The premier is a wondrous man!

How wonderful is Peel !
He changes with the time ;
Turning and twisting like the eel,
Ascending through the slime.
He gives what'e'r they want
To those who ask with zeal,
He yields the Maynooth Grant
To the clamor for repeal.

'T is true he is a rat,
But what of that?
'Tory he used to be,
But now a Liberal he!

ANTI-MAYNOOTH ANTI-STROPHE.

He has baffled our every hope :
He's surely in league with the pope !
We thought him the friend of the church,
He is leaving her now in the lurch.
I'll bet that he shortly obtains
A cardinal's hat for his pains.
To punishment let us denounce him ;
Will nobody venture to trounce him ?

[The two parties approach each other, singing their respective choruses, one against the other, and the curtain falls.]

AIR—"Lesbia hath a beaming eye."

INGLIS is a tory high,
 But no one cares for what he seemeth ;
 Right and left his speeches fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.
 Better 't is to look upon
 The tory premier when he rises ;
 Few his plans, but every one
 By some new light the house surprises.
 Oh, my tory premier dear,
My artful dodging tory premier ;
 Many glide
 From side to side,
 But you're on both, my tory premier.

Inglis wears his coat of old,
But prejudice so tight has lac'd it.

That each idea of tory mould
Must stay where obstinacy plac'd it.
Oh, my premier's coat for me,
Mov'd by agitation's breezes,
Leaving every action free
To twist and turn where'er he pleases.
Yes, my tory premier dear,
My artful dodging tory premier;
Nature's views
Have different hues,
And so have yours, my tory premier.

Inglis has a speech refin'd,
But when its sounds are o'er us creeping,
Who can tell if it's designed
To wake us up, or set us sleeping?
Mesmerized by Robert's art,
Poor Britannia drowsy waxes,
Eyes scaled up—the horrid part—
Is but the paying of the taxes.
Oh, my tory premier dear,
My cool, my crafty tory premier;
Whigs, who'd learn
The time to turn,
Should ask of you, my tory premier.

PUNCH FOR HEAD PACIFICATOR.

DURING centuries Ireland, to speak metaphorically, has been in a perpetual broil; though perhaps we might more happily compare the state of things Irish to a stew. Peel confessed that Ireland was his chief difficulty; and he might also have confessed that he did not know what to do with her. It is quite clear that he does not understand her case. He began by antiphlogistic treatment—to wit, the state prosecutions—and now he is trying the Maynooth Soothing Syrup, which some call Bobby's Elixir. This is mere empiricism; no better than what might be expected from Holloway or Old Parr. Let the premier practise on principle, if he knows what that is. But in fact, the case of Ireland would puzzle any state-doctor but *Punch*, who, amongst many other notions, has one for her pacification, which he hereby offers to the conservatives and all others whom it may concern, if they will have it. His suggestion is as follows:—

He would advise them to get up a Joint Stock Company, for the purpose of negotiating with Mr. Daniel O'Connell, a sale of the whole Irish people. As the repeal agitation cannot last forever, and as it may be difficult to get up any other humbug, a good round sum in the lump may prove an adequate temptation. Instead, therefore, of voting money to Maynooth, vote a "consideration" to Daniel O'Connell. So sure will this plan for the tranquillization of Ireland be to answer, that *Punch* considers that by merely proposing it, he has cut Tom Steele out, and will therefore trouble that gentleman to return to him the title of "Head Pacificator of Ireland."

A NEW CABINET LIBRARY.

MINISTERS intend shortly, we understand, issuing a series of volumes on various subjects, for the purpose of enlightening the people, to be called the New Cabinet Library. The work will be written chiefly by the ministers themselves, so that there will be great variety in the style, and in the mode of treating the various topics handled.

The following will be a few of the volumes that will shortly appear:—

1. The Curiosities of Literature, chiefly selected from intercepted correspondence. By Sir James Graham.
2. How to live on Fourteen Thousand a year. By the Lord Chancellor.
3. Three Experiments of Living; or, Three Livings at Once, by way of Experiment. By the Bishop of Exeter.
4. The Outcast; The Exile's Return; and other Poems. By Lord Ellenborough.
5. Natural Magic, including several new tricks; with an Essay on Gammon and Backgammon. By Sir R. Peel.
6. Miscellaneous Essays. By Lord Brougham.
7. The Pauper's Cookery Book; including ten thousand economical recipes, amongst which will be found five hundred different modes of dressing oatmeal, and a plan for roasting a fowl before the fire, in such a way as to make chicken-broth of the shadow. By the Poor Law Commissioners.
8. Confessions of an English Opium Eater. By One who has swallowed all the dull speeches that have been spoken in the House of Commons for the last ten years.

Too BAD.—The following announcement has appeared in various papers:—"The Rev. W. Dealtry, D. D., Chancellor of the Diocese, Canon of the Cathedral Church of Winchester, Prebendary of Southwell, and Rector of the parish of Clapham, Surry, has been appointed, by the Lord Bishop of Winchester, to the Archdeaconry of Surrey, void by the elevation of the venerable Samuel Wilberforce to the deanery of Westminster."

Poor Dr. Dealtry! We feel for him deeply. How will he ever get through the work which he will now have to do? He was already laden with four several offices in the church, and saddled with the obligation of being in three different places at once. He had to pray, preach, exhort, console, convert, and go about visiting the sick and doing good at Winchester, Southwell, and Clapham; besides all which, he had his chancellor's business to attend to. And now, in addition, an archdeaconry is clapped upon his shoulders.

Really, this is working a willing horse to death. There is not, we are persuaded, a negro in all Kentucky fagged to the extent that Dr. Dealtry will be. What has the poor clergyman done to deserve such treatment? How, we would wish to know, would the Bishop of Winchester like it himself? It is much more like a Turk than a bishop to make a fellow-creature toil in this way. We say it is a great deal too bad of his lordship, and recommend him to be more considerate in future. We shall be told that Dr. Dealtry will be well paid for his labor. Yes: but what has that to do with the matter? What pay can compensate a man for exertions which must necessarily kill him?

LITERARY PEERS.—It is, we believe, in contemplation by the English government to follow the example of France, and raise a few writers to the peerage. The following will, we are told, be among the earliest elevations:—

Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, to be *Baron of Blueskin*. Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli, to be *Marquis of Coningshy*. Mr. James Grant, to be *Earl of Cornhill*, in the *Great Metropolis*, and *Baron of Hey-down-hey-down-derry*, in Ireland. Other titles will, it is expected, be soon conferred, but the above are all at present decided on.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE WOLVES OF ESTHONIA.

THERE is a kind of savage luxury, however gorgeous and costly, which perfectly assimilates with savage life, and where the eye may pass at one glance, from the pampered inmate of the palace to the wild beast in the woods, without any sense of inconsistency to the mind. This may be remarked, more or less, with all Oriental nations. The Indian prince is in keeping with the tiger in his jungle, the Russian noble with the bear in his forests. But it is a different and very strange sensation to find yourself in a country where inward and outward life are at variance; where the social habits of the one by no means prepare you for the rude elements of the other; where nature is wild, and man tame. This is conspicuously the case in the northwestern part of Russia, where a German colony, although lords of the soil for hundreds of years, are still as foreign to it as they were at first; having originally brought a weak offset of civilized life into a country for which only the lineal descendants of the savage were fitted, and having since then rather vegetated upon the gradually impoverishing elements they transplanted with them than taken root in the gradually improving soil around them. Life, therefore, in this part of the world passes with a monotony and security which remind you of what, in point of fact, it really is, viz., a remote and provincial state of German society of the present day. Both the inclinations and occupations of the colonists confine them to a narrow range of activity and idea. The country is too wild, the population too scattered, the distances too great, the impediments, both of soil and season, too many for them to become acquainted with the secrets of the wild nature around them; or rather, not without a trouble which no one is sufficiently interested to overcome. They travel much, from place to place, upon roads bad enough, it is true, but always beaten; they have no pursuit but mere business or mere pleasure, and no interest except in what promotes the one or the other; and, in short, know as little of what goes on in the huts of the native peasantry, or in the forest and morass haunts of the native animals, as if they were strangers in the land, instead of its proprietors. It is, therefore, as we before remarked, a strange and most unpleasant feeling, while spending your days in a state of society which partakes of the security and ease of the present day, to be suddenly reminded by some accidental circumstance of a state of nature which recalls the danger and adventure of centuries back.

It was early in the spring, after a long and very severe winter, when the earth was just sufficiently softened to admit its stock of summer flowers, though not sufficiently warmed to vivify them, that the garden belonging to a country-house situated in this part of Russia had become the scene of great activity. Hundreds of leafless plants and shrubs, which had passed their winter in the darkness and warmth of the house-cellar, were now brought out to resume their short summer station, and lay strewed about in various groups, roughly showing the shape of the bed or border they were to occupy. The balmy air had also summoned forth the lovely mistress of the mansion, a delicate flower, more unsuited to this wintry land even than those which lay around her, who went from one plant to another, recognizing in the leafless

twigs the beautiful flowers which had been, or were to be, and shifting and reshifting their places on the fresh bare earth till they assumed that position which her taste or fancy approved—just as a fine London or Paris lady may be seen in a jeweller's shop shifting her loose diamonds upon a ground of purple velvet into the order in which they are to be finally set. A younger lady was with her—a cousin by birth and a companion by choice—one of those "friends who sticketh closer than a brother," and who had recently joined her, after a long separation, in a home foreign to each. Her two children were there also, beautiful and happy creatures; the elder one glad to be of use, the younger one delighted to think herself so; while Lion, an enormous dog, the living image, in size, color, and gentleness, of Vandyke's splendid mastiff in his picture of the children of Charles I., lazily followed their steps, putting up his huge head whenever a child stooped hers, and laying himself invariably down exactly where a flower was to be planted.

After spending some time in this occupation, and having at length marked out the summer garden to their satisfaction, the party turned their steps towards the house, where some beds, close under the windows, had been planted the preceding evening.

"Lion, Lion!" exclaimed the eldest child, "you should know better than to come across the fresh-raked beds," showing us a track of large, clumsy footmarks, which had gone directly over it. "Yes, look at the mischief you have done, old dog, and be ashamed of yourself; but keep off now! keep off!" for Lion was pressing forward with all his weight, snuffing at the prints with quick-moving nostrils. The lady stooped eagerly over the animal.

"These are no dog's footprints," she said; and then, pointing to more distant traces further on, "No, no. Oh, this is horrible! And so fresh, too. A *wolf* has been here!"

She was right; the footmarks were very different from a dog's—larger and coarser even than the largest dog's, longer in shape, and with a deeper indentation of the ball of the foot. It was truly a painful and a fearful feeling to look at that bed, on which the hand of man had been so recently employed, now tracked over by the feet of one of the most savage animals that exist; and the lady drew back shuddering. And Louisa, for that was the cousin's name, shuddered too, if not with so real a sense of fear, yet with a much more unlimited impression of terror. She was a stranger as much to the idea as to the sight, and, as she looked up at the window just above—her own bedroom window—with its peaceful white curtains and swallow's nest at the corner, and remembered that she had been sleeping within while the wild-beast was trampling beneath, she felt as if she should never rest easily there again. As for the children, they both looked terrified at first, chiefly because their elders did, and then each acted according to the character within her—Olga, the elder, holding quietly by her mother's hand, and afraid even to look at the footprints, though approaching them docilely when she was bidden; while little Miss Constance, unscrewing her rosy face from its momentary alarm, trotted with great glee over the fresh-raked bed, delighted to make the most of a privilege usually forbidden her, and discovered new wolf's steps in all directions as fast as Lion made them.

They now called some of the workmen, who instantly confirmed their verdict.

"This is an old wolf, *Prauer*," said a rough, long-haired shrewd-looking old peasant, scrutinizing the tracks with Indian-like closeness and sagacity—"this is an old wolf, he walked so heavily; and here's a wound he has got to this paw, who knows when, from some other wolf, or maybe from *Lion*—I dare say they are acquainted," pointing out to the party a slight irregularity in the print of one of the hind feet, as if from a distorted claw. "He was here the beginning of the morning, that I can see."

"But where was *Lion*?" said the lady, eagerly.

"I went to the mill, *Prauer*, at sunrise, and took *Lion* with me, and by the time we got back the beast must have been off. I saw the old dog snuffing about, but the heavy dew would stop any scent. The wolves are hungry now; the waters have driven them up together, and the cattle are not let out yet. He is not far off, either; we must keep a sharp look-out. An old wolf like this will prowl about for days together round the same place till he picks up something."

"Heavens! how dreadful! Constance, come back this moment," said the young mother, with an expression of anxiety which would have touched the roughest heart. "Who knows where the creature may be now?"

"Never fear, *Prauer*; he's off to the woods by this time—plenty of his footmarks to be found there, I warrant," pointing to a low, dismal-looking tract of brushwood, which formed the frontier to an immense morass, about a verst off. "Never fear, old *Pertel* and old *Lion* will take care of the little *Preilns*. *Polle tüchtige*! nothing at all, not a hair on their heads, shall be hurt, bless them!"

"Yes, yes, good *Pertel*," said the lady, with a nod and a smile, to the rough creature, "I know that. But under our very windows!—I never knew them come so near before."

"*Dreist wie ein wolf*—bold as a wolf," said the phlegmatic head-gardener, a German; "that's an old proverb."

They now returned to the house with minds ready to take alarm at any sight or sound. The cousin knew not how much there was or was not to fear; and, though the lady did, the voice of her maternal anxiety amply made up for all the silence of her imagination. The children, of course, were not slow in catching the infection; and, what with fear and what with fun, there was no end to the wolves that were seen in the course of the next four-and-twenty hours. Any and every object served their turn: sheep, foals, and calves; old men and old women; stunted trees in the distance, and round grey stones near; not to mention innumerable articles of furniture in various corners of the house, all stood for wolves; not only successively, but over and over again. *Lion*, however, was the greatest bugbear of all, and the good old dog could not push open the door, and come lazily in, with all his claws rattling on the smooth *parquète* floor, without setting the children screaming, and startling the two ladies much more than they liked to confess.

But this state of things was too inconvenient to last. A succession of false alarms is the surest cure for false fears; and, to quote the fable for once in its literal sense, they were weary of hearing "Wolf!" called. Nevertheless, they did not undertake long walks without protection, and

never at all in the direction of the morass; the children were not allowed to wander a step alone; doors and windows, which otherwise, at this time of the year, are very much left to please themselves by night as well as by day, were now every evening punctiliously closed; and one door especially, next *Louisa's* bedroom, at the end of a long corridor which communicated with an unfinished addition to the house then in progress, was always eyed with great distrust. It had no means of shutting whatsoever. Nightly a bar was talked of, and daily forgotten; but "*Dreist wie ein wolf*!" sounded in *Louisa's* ears, and she pushed a heavy box firmly against it.

Several days passed away, and the episode of the wolf's footprints was almost forgotten, when suddenly a scream and a shout were heard from a kind of baking-house within view of the windows. *Lion* started up from the cool drawing-room floor, where he lay stretched at full length, and leaped out of the open window. Workmen from the new building rushed across the lawn, each with such implements in their hands as they had been working with; and out of the baking-house, followed by a lad, sprang an immense wolf. At first, he bounded heavily away, and was evidently making for the wood; but *Lion* came close upon him, overtook him in a few seconds, and attacked him with fury. The wolf turned, and a struggle began. For awhile the brave dog was alone: each alternately seemed to hang with deadly gripe upon the other, and yells, and snorts, and sharp howls, filled the air. But now the foremost of the pursuers reached the spot; dog and wolf were so rolled together, that at first he stayed his blows; but soon a terrible stroke with the hatchet was given—another, and another. The animal relinquished the dog, tried to turn upon the man, and soon lay dead at his feet.

Meanwhile, the ladies from the mansion were also hurrying forward, full of horror for the scene, and of anxiety for *Lion*, but unable, in the excitement of the moment, to keep back. There lay the animal, the ground ploughed up violently around it, a monstrous and terrific sight. Death had caught it in the most savage posture—the claws all extended—the hind feet drawn up, the fore ones stretched forward—the head turned sharp round, and the enormous jaws, which seemed as if they would split the skull asunder, wide open. Nature could hardly show a more repulsive-looking creature—one which breathed more of the ferocity of the wild beast, or excited less of the humanity of man; and, as *Louisa* looked down at the lifeless carcass, all lean, starved, and time-worn, with ghastly gashes, where late every nerve had been strained in defence of that life which God had given it, entangling doubts came over her mind of the justice of that Power which could make an animal to be hated for that which His Will alone had appointed it to be. But, fortunately for her, she came from a land where, with all its faults, the stone of sophistry is not given for the bread of faith; quickly, therefore, came that antidote thought, which all who seek will find—the sole key to all we understand not in the moral world—leaving only a pardonable pity for a creature born to hunt and be hunted, ordained neither to give nor to find quarter, and to whom life had apparently been as hard as death had been cruel. Poor beast! It was a savage wolf all over; rough, coarse, clumsy, and strong; the hair, or rather bristles, dusky, wiry, and thin; and not one

beauty about it, except, perhaps, those long, white, sharp teeth, which had drawn so much blood, and were now tinged with that of the fine old dog. Lion lay panting beside his dead enemy, the blood trickling down his throat, on which the wolf had fixed a gripe which life could not long have sustained.

The whole history was now heard from the lad. There had been baking that morning in the out-house, and he went in to light his pipe. As he blew up the ashes, he saw a great animal close beside him. In the dark, he mistook it for Lion, and put out his hand; but it rose at once against him with an action not to be mistaken by a native of these climes, on which he screamed as loud as he could, for his breath stood still, the poor boy assured them, with fright; and the creature, taking alarm, rushed out of the door.

"The *Prauer* may let the little ladies run about now," said old Pertel. "That's the same wolf that crossed the bed last Thursday; I know him by this left hind foot;" and he held up a grim limb where an old wound had turned the claw aside. "He got this in some of his battles; many a foal yet unborn would have felt it this summer." And the old man stroked the dead animal with satisfaction.

They now all left the scene of battle, and refreshments were given to those who had assisted at it. Olga proposed giving the boy, who was still all trembling with fright, a glass of sugar and water, this being what the ladies of this country invariably take when their nerves are shaken; but her mother suggested that a glass of brandy would be much more to his taste; and accordingly he received a dose, which not only restored the courage he had lost, but lent him a large temporary stock in addition. Lion, too, was well cared for, and immensely pitied. The wound on his throat, which was too close under his own long tongue to be reached by it, was washed with certain balsams with which this country abounds; after which, the old dog employed himself in slobbering over various rents and scratches in more accessible parts of his body, and finally went fast asleep, which the children hoped would do him much good, and, for about two minutes, spoke over him in whispers, and went round him on tiptoe.

Since the day of the footprints, the lady and her cousin had carefully refrained from any subject connected with wolves, or wild beasts in general; for the children's imaginations required to be studiously tranquillized, and even their own were quite lively enough without additional stimulus. But now nothing else was discussed; everything was *à propos* of wolves; and some acquaintances from a distant part of the country, coming in for the evening, the whole time was passed in telling wolf anecdotes.

The fact of the animal being discovered in the baking-house was soon explained; for it appeared that the wolf, like the bear, is excessively fond of bread, and that after the smell of fresh blood, that of fresh baking is surest to attract him. A peasant woman, who had drawn her hot rye loaves out of the oven, quitted her cottage for a few minutes, leaving her two young children playing at the same bench on which the smoking bread was laid. Scarcely had she turned her back, when an enormous wolf sprang in, took no notice of the screaming children, but snatched a loaf from the bench. The mother, hearing screams, hastened back, and as she reached the door the wolf bounded out of it

with the hot bread in his jaws. "I have heard the old woman often tell the tale," said the speaker; "and she invariably added, 'And so I lost my biggest loaf, but never was there a guest more welcome to it.'"

Another time, a kitchen-maid, whose office it is to bake the common rye bread, was carrying the hot loaves, towards night, across the court, when she met a large animal whom she mistook in the dark for one of the huge cattle-dogs. But it rose upon her, and she felt the claws upon her bare arm, ready, at the next moment, to slit the skin, as is their wont, and rend her down. In her terror, she crammed a loaf into the creature's jaws, and he made off with the sop, perfectly content.

Upon the whole, it is very difficult to procure information about the wolf's habits, or even tidings of its depredations. The common peasant, who alone knows anything about the animal, is withheld by superstition from even mentioning the name of *wolf*; and, if he mentions him at all, designates him only as the "old one," or the "grey one," or the "great dog," feeling, as was also the case in parts of Great Britain with regard to the fairies, that to call these animals by their true name is a sure way to exasperate them. This caution may be chiefly attributed, however, to the popular and very ancient belief in the "*wär wolf*."* not a straightforward, open-mouthed, plain spoken beast, against which the cattle may plunge, and fight, and defend themselves as best they may, and which either wounds or kills its prey in a fair and ferocious way; but that odious combination of human weakness and decrepitude, with demoniacal power and will, which all nations who have believed in have most unjustly persecuted and most naturally hated—in other words, a bad, miserable old woman leagued body and soul with Satan, who, under the form of a *wär wolf*, paralyzes the cattle with her eye, and from whom the slightest wound is death. Be this as it may, the superior intelligence of the upper classes is to this day occasionally puzzled to account for the fate of a fine young ox, who will be found in the morning breathing hard, his hide bathed in foam, and with every sign of fright and exhaustion, while, perhaps, only one trifling wound will be discovered on the whole body, which swells and inflames as if poison had been infused, the animal generally dying before night. Nor does the mystery end here; for, on examining the body, the intestines will be found to be torn as with the claws of a wolf, and the whole animal in a state of inflammation, which sufficiently accounts for death.

This same superstition also favors the increase of this dreadful animal, for the peasant has a strong feeling against destroying a wolf; says that, if you disturb them, they will disturb you, and generally attributes the loss of his foal, or of foal and mother together, (a too frequent occurrence,) to the plunder of a wolf's nest by his less superstitious neighbor. Nevertheless, the destruction of their young is the only way in which an efficient warfare with the wolf can be carried on, and the

* "This mysterious and widely spread superstition—the *wär wolf* of England, the *loup garron* of France—was especially current in Germany, where many tales of its terror still exist. Two warlocks were executed in the year 1310, at Liege, for having, under the form of ware wolves, killed several children. They had a boy of twelve years of age with them, who completed the Satanic trio, and, under the form of a raven, consumed those portions of the prey which the warlocks left."—GRIMM'S *Deutsche Sagen*.

provincial government of this part of Russia wisely bestows a small reward in money for every pair of wolf's ears that is brought to the magistrate of the district; thus setting up one powerful passion in the human breast against another. But superstition has the best of it at present, and, perhaps, in the long run, is the better thing of the two.

The wolves make their nests usually deep in the morasses, a few sticks being dragged together in a small hollow, or under a juniper-bush, where the young wolves lie with great jaws, which open wide at the slightest noise, like the bill of a young bird, and equally disproportionate to their size. It is at this season that the wolves are the most rapacious and dauntless, defying danger, and facing daylight to provide prey for their young. In old times, if tradition is to be believed, the abduction of peasant children for the young wolves was a thing of no uncommon occurrence, so that the father of a former day had as little chance of rearing all his children as the farmer of the present his foals. But now, with the culture of the land, and the gradual increase of farming stock, a favorable change has taken place, and the recent introduction of sheep especially has proved a great accommodation to both parties. Nevertheless, the wail of a poor peasant mother for a missing child is still raised from time to time, though the widely scattered population, and the remote situation of single villages, on that account more exposed to such depredations, allow only the occasional echo of such distress to reach the ears of the upper classes. The peasant also is an uncommunicative being; the slave of one set of foreigners, the subject of another, and oppressed by both, he shuts up his mouth and his heart, and cares little to divulge the more sacred sorrows of his life to those who are the authors of almost every other.

The evening visitors, however, related a wonderful instance which had occurred under their own knowledge:—A peasant child, just able to trot alone, and as such left to trot just where it pleased, was carried off unperceived and unhurt by a she-wolf to her nest at some distance. The young wolves, however, had just consumed some larger and commoner prey, and knew when they had had enough; so they let the child lie among them, and saved it up for another day. The little creature remained thus through the night, when the old one quitting the nest again, and the young ones probably sleeping, it crawled gradually away, as unintentional of escape as it had been unconscious of danger, and at length reached the fence of a remote field, where it was picked up by a laborer, and brought to the house of the narrator. But the innocent child had suffered terribly, and bore upon its tender body such marks of the wolf's den as would, so long as it lived, sufficiently attest an otherwise almost incredible fact. The young wolves had forborne to devour their prey, but they had *tasted* it! the skin of the forehead was licked raw, all the fingers were more or less injured, but two of them were sucked and mumbled completely off!

This tale was now followed by another more tragic and equally true, having taken place only the summer before upon a neighboring estate, so that the lady of the house, her beautiful brow contracted, and her voice lowered, related it herself to the party. A woman, whose husband, being a bailiff or something of the kind, lived in a more comfortable way than the usual run of peasants,

though still classing as a peasant, was washing one day before the door of her house, with her only child, a little girl of four years old, playing about close by. Her cottage stood in a lonely part of the estate, forming almost an island in the midst of low, boggy ground. She had her head down in the wash-tub, and, hot and weary, was bending all her efforts to complete her task, when a fearful cry made her turn, and there was the child, clutched by one shoulder, in the jaws of a great she-wolf, the other arm extended to her. The woman was so close that she grasped a bit of the child's little petticoat in her hand, and with the other hand, screaming frantically, beat the wolf with all her force to make it let go its hold. But those relentless jaws stirred not for the cries of a mother—that gaunt form cared not for the blows of a woman. The animal set off at full speed with the child, dragging the mother along, who clung with desperation to her grasp. Thus they continued for two or three dreadful minutes, the woman only just able to hold on. Soon the wolf turned into some low, uneven ground, and the woman fell over the jagged trunk of a tree, tearing in her fall the piece of petticoat, which now only remained in her hand. The child hitherto had been aware of its mother's presence, and, so long as she clung, had not uttered a scream; but now the little victim felt itself deserted, and its screams resounded through the wood. The poor woman rose in a moment, and followed over stock and stone, tearing herself pitifully as she went, but knowing it not; but the wolf increased in speed, the bushes grew thicker, the ground heavier, and soon the screams of the child became her only guide. Still she dashed on, frantic with distress, picked up a little shoe which the closing bushes had rubbed off, saw traces of the child's hair and clothes on the low, jagged boughs, which crossed the way; but oh! the screams grew fainter, then louder, and then ceased altogether!

"The poor mother saw more on her way, but I can't tell what that was," said the lady, her voice choked with horror, and her fair face streaming with tears. Her hearers did not press to know, for they were chilled enough already. "And only think," she continued, "of the wretchedness of the poor afflicted creature when her husband returned at night and asked for the child. She told me that she placed the piece of petticoat and the little shoe before him, but how she told him their great misery God only knows! she has no recollection. And now you don't wonder," she added, "that I shuddered at seeing those footprints;" and she shuddered again. "Sometimes I am in terror when my children are longer out of my sight than usual, and fancy every person that approaches me is charged with some dreadful announcement; but God avert this! mistrust is wrong."

With these words the circle broke up. The long *droschky*, like a *chaise-longue* put upon wheels, came to the door, and the guests drove off. It was one of those exquisite nights peculiar to these climes, which the French aptly term *les nuits blanches*—a night, light without moon, a day shaded without clouds, the last glow of evening, and the first grey of morning melted together; a period when all the luminaries of the heavens seem to rest their beams without withdrawing them. The cousins stood at the door, hand in hand, gazing in the direction which their guests had taken; and a

looker-on might have imagined they were envying them that calm, cool drive. But they envied them not; they honored all that was good in this strange land, and prized all who were good to them; but a sense of solitude hung heavily upon them in the society of others, which only the solitude of their own could dispel. They had much, also, to say to one another, which a native of these climes could not comprehend, or would not like. Not that they said ought that was strange, or wrong, or unkind; but they spoke as they thought, and they thought unlike all the world around them. So they lingered beneath that beautiful light, talking calmly of what was peculiar in their lot, yet not complaining of the evil, but rather extracting the good; and they spoke, too, as those speak who have no time to lose, but rather much to recover, plainly, earnestly, and touchingly, because so truly; each seeking to give knowledge of her own mind, and comfort to that of her companion. And from that which concerned their own hearts individually, they soon passed on to that which concerns every heart that beats; and thoughts came which all have heard, but not all have listened to—thoughts which are locked to some, checked to others, and not even breathed freely to the most kindred spirit, except at those moments, few and fleeting, which favor their utterance and suit their sacredness. They discoursed on the wonderful economy of happiness in a world full of woe; how, the fewer the joys, the higher the enjoyment, till the last and highest of all, true peace of mind, is found to contain every other. And they then spoke of the blessing of sorrow and the mystery of sin, and turning to her companion that angel's face, more angelic still in the soft light, and with a transition of expression peculiar to herself, the lady added—

"And sin brought the wolves too, dear one!"

"True, true," said Louisa; "I thought of that when the poor beast lay dead at our feet to-day."

And so they turned and went into the house.

They now took their usual last look at the children, who slept in opposite cots in the same room. Each lay the sleeping effigy of her waking self. The eldest, composed, cool, and orderly; with pale cheek and smooth hair; the limbs straight, the head gently bent, the bed-clothes lying unruffled upon the regularly heaving chest; all that was beautiful, gentle, and meek; looking as if stretched out for a monumental effigy. On the other side, defying all order and bursting all bounds, was the little Constance, flushed, tumbled, and awry; the round arms tossed up, the rosy face flung back, the bed-clothes pushed off, the pillow flung out, the nightcap one way, the hair another; all that was disorderly and most lovely by night—all that was unruly and most winning by day.

"Come, my lovely one, mamma will set all to rights!" And, with a few magical movements, which the young mother's hand best knows, the head was raised up, the limbs smoothed down, the little form adjusted into a fresh position, and, with sighs and smiles, and a few murmuring sounds, the blooming creature was fast asleep again.

"Only think, that poor woman's child was the age of Constance!"

"Don't think of it," said Louisa, "it will haunt your sleep;" and she led her cousin to her room through the children's, where they parted for the night.

"You need not shut the children's door, nor any as you go along; the house is oppressively warm, and Constance is hot."

Louisa came through two halls and down the corridor, looked at the door into the new building, and remembered that the bar had again been forgotten; pushed the box again up, and then went into her own room and shut the door.

The night, as we have described, was one of those which seem too good to be passed in sleep. Louisa was sad and serious, and all without and within tempted her to watch. But so long as the heaviness of the heart can yield to that of the head, there is not much that is amiss in either. By the time, therefore, that she had fully resolved to lie awake, recalling old griefs and conjuring up new, past and future, with their cares and fears, had vanished away, and of the present she knew as little as the children she had left in their cots.

How long this lasted she knew not, some hours it seemed, when she was roused by a sound in the adjoining unfinished building. At first the drowsy senses paid little attention, and dozed on; but again she was roused louder and louder, and, starting up, she shook off sleep, flew out of bed, and, opening the door, looked into the dark passage. To her astonishment the door into the new building was half open; she advanced to shut it, when again a noise made her turn her head in the opposite direction; and there—oh, heavens! the poor girl's blood froze in her veins—there, stealing down the passage, its back towards her, was—a wolf! An exclamation of horror, which burst from her lips, disturbed the animal; it turned, and the light from the half-open door shone on its green eyes and white teeth as it sprang upon her. With one convulsive bound Louisa cleared the threshold, dashed her door to, locked it, barred it, flung a chair against it, and, this done, stood in a state of agony for which no words exist. She seemed to see all in a moment; herself safe, but those children—those children! not a door closed between them and those dreadful jaws! She was stupified with terror; and a strange, dinning sound, like her heart's own throbbing, filled her ears, and shut out every other sense. "*Dreist wie ein Wolf!—Dreist wie ein Wolf!*" she repeated twice, mechanically; and then, forcing herself from the fainting, trance-like feeling that oppressed her, she thought for one moment that she would follow the wild beast. Her hand was on the lock, but she looked round for some weapon of defence. There was not a thing she could use—not a stanchion to the window, not a rod to the bed. Then she listened at the door, and distinctly heard the trampling claws on the boards. The animal was still close to her door, and there was time, if she could keep her senses together, to consider some means of help. Oh, if she could but have stopped that dinning sound in her ears! but it came again, beating louder and louder, and perfectly paralyzed her. The effort to open the window restored her. How she got out she knew not, but there she was on the damp ground, alone in the open garden. And now there was no time to be lost; she had to get round the end of the house which was half closed up with bushes, half blocked up with building materials, stones, and timber. But the night had grown darker; she could not see the path; she knew that she was losing time, and yet that all depended on her haste; she felt fevered with impatience, yet torpid with terror. At length she disengaged herself from the broken, uneven

ground, and struggled forward. There were the windows of the children's and her cousin's rooms; she had fancied that she could open them with her own hands, and call to those within; but how confused was her head! they belonged to a later part of the house, and were much higher than her own. She called and called, but her voice failed, and no one answered; she stooped for a stone or something to throw up, but only soft grass or moist leaves came into her hand. Suddenly a scream was heard, it was Constance's voice—scream over scream. Frantic with terror, Louisa now dashed to another part of the house where the servants slept. As she reached it, a figure came towards her. Thank Heaven, it was old Pertel! But those screams!—they reached her louder and louder! She could only ejaculate, "*Weiche Preilns!—Weiche Preilns!*"—"The little ladies—the little ladies!" But he seemed neither to heed her words, nor the thrilling sounds that impelled them, and took her hand, in peasant fashion, to kiss it. "*Weiche Preiln!—Weiche Preiln!*" she reiterated; but again he took her hand. She struggled, but he held it firm. She looked down, and there was the fairest, softest hand locked round hers; she looked up, and there was the sweetest, gentlest face bent laughing over her.

"I must say, darling, you speak better Esthish in your sleep than you do when you are awake. What has made you sleep so late! Olga has been knocking twice at your door—she would not come in unbidden for the world—and Constance has been screaming, in one of her fits of play, till the whole house heard her. And when I came at last, and took your hand to waken you, you only knocked it aside, and ejaculated, '*Weiche Preiln!*' with such a pitiable expression, that I woke you with my laughing. How sound you have slept!"

"Slept!" said Louisa, "indeed I have—such a sleep as I never wish for again! But I see it all; the wolf of yesterday—Olga's knocking—Constance's screaming—your hand!" And so she related her dream.

The cousins laughed together, but also thanked God together that such scenes only exist in dreams. For wolves neither jump up to windows nor open doors, nor walk up and down corridors. Nevertheless, a bar was put on to that door before night.

From Fraser's Magazine.

BON GAULTIER'S BOOK OF BALLADS.*

FUN! fun! fun! is a common weekly motto now-a-days for the contents of some singularly dull journal. The author of this volume does not adopt the fashionable motto, but in his sparkling pages he gives us the real thing. Since our introduction in boyhood to Colman's *Broad Grins*, we have met with no volume of sportive verses which has afforded us half so much laughter. Let it not be imagined, however, that there is any similarity between the two works, except in their potential power over the nerves and muscles of the risible animal. Colman's book is a collection of comic tales in flowing verse, glittering with puns, and rich with *double entendre*. Bon Gaul-

tier, on the other hand, presents us with a genuine bundle of ballads, various in form and character, and each and all parodistic of the style and the characteristic effusions of some one or other of our lyric writers, either recently dead or still flourishing, amongst articulately speaking men, after his peculiar fashion, and according to his capability. But let him speak for himself:—

"L' Envoy.

"Come, buy my lays, and read them if you list;
My pensive public, if you list not, buy.
Come, for you know me. I am he who sung
Of Mister Colt, and I am he who framed
Of Widdicombe the wild and wondrous song.
Come, listen to my lays, and you shall hear
How Wordsworth, battling for the laureate's
wreath,
Bore to the dust the terrible Fitzball;
How N. P. Willis for his country's good,
In complete steel, all bowie-knived at point,
Took lodgings in the Snapping Turtle's womb.
Come, listen to my lays, and ye shall hear
The mingled music of all modern bards
Floating aloft in such peculiar strains,
As strike themselves with envy and amaze;
For you 'bright-harped' Tennyson shall sing,
Macaulay chant a more than Roman lay,
And Bulwer Lytton, Lytton Bulwer erst,
Unseen amidst a metaphysic fog,
Howl melancholy homage to the moon;
For you once more Montgomery shall rave
In all his rapt rabidity of rhyme,
Nankeened Cockaigne shall pipe its puny note,
And our Young England's penny trumpet blow."

The ballads are of all sorts, except bad and indifferent; that is to say, they are of all sorts of climature and country,—English, Scotch, American, German, Spanish, French, Turkish, and finally, Utopian. Taken in one aspect, they give evidence of Bon Gaultier's wonderful command over our language, and his exquisite facility of versification; while in another they show how plastic are his powers of imitation, and how perfect his apprehension of the very spirit of the writer whose verses he parodies; and, be it observed, that nothing can be farther from his intention than to disparage the effusions of those worthy children of the Muse with whose productions he deals; his sole object is to disport his fine powers in merriment, and to make his readers share that frank and genial merriment in which he revels. His is not the soul that could be insensible to the glories which crown the lays of Wordsworth and Southey, of Lockhart and Macaulay. His is not the hand that would tear one leaf of laurel from their honored brows; and, with respect to the feeblers children of song, if there be any under-current of bitter ridicule in his ludicrous imitations, it could not well be avoided, as it consists chiefly in the fact, that the parody is more vigorous and harmonious than the original. He cannot conquer quite the difficulty of writing down to an imitation of the effusions of these small fry of literature; the fiery spirit unconsciously flashes forth ever and anon; the stalwart hand discloses its powers through the muffle in which he wraps it. Tom Moore sings,—

"Where bright eyes so abound, boy,
'T is hard to choose, 't is hard to choose."

And we say to our readers, Where good and right

* The Book of Ballads. Edited by Bon Gaultier, and illustrated by Alfred Crowquill. London, 1845. W. S. Orr and Co., Amen Corner.

funny ballads so abound, boys, 't is hard to choose. But for our love for the thundering versification of Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*, and from many pleasant reminiscences of drollest Andrew Ducrow and his theatre—the true national theatre; for there alone is it we have our national achievements presented in dramatic form to stir the hearts and minds of future Nelsons and Wellingtons—we will turn, in the first instance, to "The Lay of Don Fernando Gomersalez."

It is unnecessary to point out the fine lay of Lockhart's of which it is a parody. But, for the sake of such of our readers as have never had the good fortune to see the grand equestrian and dramatic spectacles at Astley's—our readers, for example, bred in the seclusion of the country, or born in our Indian empire or our distant colonial possessions—it is requisite we should state that Mr. Gomersal has been for many years the representative of the foreign heroes in the wars waged on the Astleian boards. Ducrow, who now, alas!

"Sleeps the sleep
That knows no waking,"

but, still true to his vocation, sleeps, melodramatically, in his grand mausoleum in the cemetery at Kensal Green, was too great a patriot not to reserve to himself the personation of all our native heroes, (to say nothing of our patriot saint, the good knight St. George,) from the Sir Lancelots, and Sir Percivals, and Sir Gawains, of the Table Round, to the Marquess of Anglesea and the Duke of Wellington, of our living chivalry. But Gomersal was, and delighted are we to say is, the embodiment in the flesh of the mighty warriors who have fallen before British prowess, and especially of the greatest of them all, Napoleon Bonaparte. Indeed, his likeness to the emperor is so marvellous, that, in the strictest sense of the words, he may be said to double his part when he appears upon the field of Waterloo, *en petit chapeau et redingote gris*, with the *petite épée* by his side, in white smalls and long jacks, grim with despair as he sees that the stupid English *will not* find out that they are beaten; and fiercely taking snuff as he orders charge after charge, in whirlwind vehemence, against the serried ranks of "that astonishing infantry." It will now be understood how appropriately is Gomersal made the hero of this lay of foreign "derring do." Mr. Widdicombe, it must next be told, is the urbane, the witty, the accomplished, and the venerable master of the ring. Great in his professional career, still greater as the oracle of the neighboring hostelry, where he is reverentially regarded as the writer of the principal leaders in the *Times*. With this explanation we may pass on to the story of the ballad. It will be remembered on a day of high triumph and solemnity "in Grenada's royal town," the Moorish king, hurt in his pride, as he presides at the tournament, at the praises by his minister of a captive Spanish knight, causes him to be released from his dungeon, and promises him life and liberty if he can overthrow in combat three Moorish champions before the sun has sunk below the horizon. Then quoth Don Fernando Gomersales to the monarch Al-Widdicombe:—

"Give me but the armor, monarch, that I wore
within the field,
Give me but my trusty helmet, give me but my
dinted shield,

And my old steed, Bavioca, swiftest courser in
the ring,
And I rather should imagine that I'll do the busi-
ness, king!"

Then they carried down the armor from the garret
where it lay,

Oh, but it was red and rusty, and the plumes were
shorn away;

And they led out Bavioca, from a foul and filthy
van,

For the conqueror had sold him to a Moorish
dogs'-meat man.

When the steed beheld his master, then he whin-
nied loud and free,

And, in token of subjection, knelt upon each
broken knee;

And a tear of walnut largeness to the warrior's
eyelids rose,

As he fondly picked a beanstraw from his cough-
ing courser's nose.

'Many a time, O Bavioca, hast thou borne me
through the fray!

Bear me but again as deadly through the listed
ring this day;

Or if thou art worn and feeble, as may well have
come to pass,

Time it is, my trusty charger, both of us were
sent to grass!"

Then he seized his lance, and, vaulting in the sad-
dle, sat upright,

Marble seemed the noble courser, iron seemed the
mailed knight;

And a cry of admiration burst from every Moorish
lady—

'Five to four on Don Fernando!' cried the sable-
bearded eadi.

Warriors three from Alcantara burst into the
listed space,

Warriors three, all bred in battle, of the proud
Alhambra race:

Trumpets sounded, coursers bounded, and the
foremost straight went down,

Tumbling, like a sack of turnips, just before the
jeering clown.

In the second chieftain galloped, and he bowed to
the king,

And his saddle-girths were tightened by the master
of the ring;

Through three blazing hoops he bounded ere the
desperate fight began—

Don Fernando! bear thee bravely!—'t is the
Moor Abdorrhoman!

Like a double streak of lightning, clashing in the
sulphurous sky,

Met the pair of hostile heroes, and they made the
sawdust fly;

And the Moslem spear so stiffly smote on Don Fer-
nando's mail,

That he reeled, as if in liquor, back to Bavioca's
tail.

But he caught the mace beside him, and he griped
it hard and fast,

And he swung it starkly upwards as the foeman
bounded past;

And the deadly stroke descended through the skull
and through the brain,

As ye may have seen a poker cleave a cocoa-nut
in twain.

Sore astonished was the monarch, and the Moorish
warriors all,
Save the third bold chief, who tarried and beheld
his brethren fall;
And the clown, in haste arising from the footstool
where he sat,
Notified the first appearance of the famous Acro-
bat!

Never on a single charger rides that stout and
stalwort Moor,
Five beneath his stride so stately bear him o'er the
trembling floor;
Five Arabians, black as midnight, on their necks
the rein he throws,
And the outer and the inner feel the pressure of
his toes.

Never wore that chieftain armor: in a knot him-
self he ties,
With his grizzly head appearing in the centre of
his thighs;
Till the petrified spectator asks, in undisguised
alarm—
Where may be the warrior's body?—which is leg,
and which is arm?

'Sound the charge!' the coursers started; with
a yell and furious vault,
High in air the Moorish champion cut a wondrous
somersault;
O'er the head of Don Fernando like a tennis-ball
he sprung,
Caught him tightly by the girdle, and behind the
crupper hung.

Then his dagger Don Fernando plucked from out
its jewelled sheath,
And he struck the Moor so fiercely, as he grap-
pled him beneath,
That the good Damascus weapon sunk within the
folds of fat,
And, as dead as Julius Cæsar, dropped the Gor-
dian Acrobat.

Meanwhile fast the sun was sinking—it had sunk
beneath the sea,
Ere Fernando Gomersalez smote the latter of the
three;
And Al-Widdicombe, the monarch, pointed, with
a bitter smile,
To the deeply darkening canvass—blackier grew it
all the while.

'Thou hast slain my warriors, Spaniard! but thou
hast not kept thy time;
Only two had sunk before thee ere I heard the
curfew chime;
Back thou goest to thy dungeon, and thou may'st
be wondrous glad,
That thy head is on thy shoulders for thy work to
day, my lad!

Therefore all thy boasted valor, Christian dog, of
no avail is!'
Dark as midnight grew the brow of Don Fernando
Gomersalez:—
Stiffly sat he in his saddle, grimly looked around
the ring,
Laid his lance within the rest, and shook his
gauntlet at the king.

'O, thou foul and faithless traitor! wouldst thou
play me false again!
Welcome death and welcome torture, rather than
the captive's chain;

But I give thee warning, caitiff! Look thou sharply
to thine eye—
Unavenged, at least in harness, Gomersalez shall
not die!'

Thus he spoke, and Bavioca like an arrow forward
flew,
Right and left the Moorish squadron wheeled to
let the hero through;
Brightly gleamed the lance of vengeance—fiercely
sped the fatal thrust—
From his throne the Moorish monarch tumbled
lifeless in the dust.

Speed thee, speed thee, Bavioca! speed thee
faster than the wind!
Life and freedom are before thee, deadly foes give
chase behind:
Speed thee up the sloping spring-board; o'er the
bridge that spans the seas;
Yonder gauzy moon will light thee through the
grove of canvass trees.

Close before thee Pampeluna spreads her painted
pasteboard gate!
Speed thee onward, gallant courser, speed thee
with thy knightly freight—
Victory! the town receives them!—Gentle ladies
this tale is,
Which I learned in Astley's Circus, of Fernando
Gomersalez!'

We must give one more extract from this portion
of the work—the Spanish ballads. But that which
we quote reminds us not alone of the Spanish, but
of an ode, with the slenderest possible materials
for a story, on which Shelley has lavished the most
wonderful pomp of melodious diction, and poured
forth a multitude of epithets as rich in gorgeous
illustration as the Greek tongue itself could supply.
The pursuit of Arethusa by Alpheus will spring
to the reader's mind. We quote a passage from
the exquisite version of the old Greek fable in
startling contrast with the mimic lay about the
pursuit round the ring of Miss Woolford by Mr.
Gomersal:—

"Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams,
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams:
And, gliding and springing,
She went ever singing
In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The earth seem'd to love her,
And heaven smiled above her,
As she linger'd towards the deep."

Well, Alpheus pursues, and the chase, to a dull
utilitarian, would seem as bootless and fantastical
as that in the ring at Astley's; but how charming
the music of the story:—

"The beard and the hair
Of the river-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight

To the brink of the Dorian deep.
 'Oh, save me! oh, guide me!
 And bid the deep hide me,
 For he grasps me now by the hair.'
 The loud ocean heard
 To its blue depths stirr'd
 And divided at her prayer;
 And under the water
 The earth's white daughter
 Fled like a sunny beam.
 Behind her descended
 Her billows, unblended
 With the blackish Dorian stream.
 Like a gloomy stain
 On the emerald main
 Alpheus rush'd behind,
 As an eagle pursuing
 A dove to its ruin
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.
 Under the bowers,
 Where the ocean powers
 Sit on their pearled thrones;
 Through the coral woods
 Of the weltering floods;
 Over heaps of unvalued stones;
 Through the diu beams
 Which amid the streams
 Weave a network of color'd light;
 And under the caves
 Where the shadowy waves
 Are as green as the forest's night;
 Outspeeding the shark
 And the swordfish dark
 Under the ocean foam,
 And up through the rifts
 Of the mountain cliffs,
 They pass'd to their Dorian home."

We now quote the Astleian-Spanish ballad:—

"The Courtship of our Cid."

"What a pang of sweet emotion
 Thrill'd the Master of the Ring,
 When he first beheld the lady
 Through the stabled portal spring!
 Midway in his wild grimacing
 Stopp'd the piebald-visaged clown,
 And the thunders of the audience
 Nearly brought the gallery down.
 Donna Inez Woolfordinez!
 Saw ye ever such a maid,
 With the feathers swailing o'er her,
 And her spangled rich brocade?
 In her fairy hand a horsewhip,
 On her foot a buskin small;
 So she stepr'd, the stately damsel,
 Through the scarlet grooms and all.
 And she beckon'd for her courser,
 And they brought a milk-white mare;
 Proud, I ween, was that Arabian
 Such a gentle freight to bear:
 And the master moved towards her,
 With a proud and stately walk,
 And in reverential homage,
 Rubb'd her soles with virgin chalk.
 Round she flew as Flora flying
 Spans the circle of the year;
 And the youth of London, sighing,
 Half forgot the ginger-beer—
 Quite forgot the maids beside them;
 As they surely well might do,

When she raised two Roman candles
 Shooting fireballs red and blue!
 Swifter than the Tartar's arrow,
 Lighter than the lark in flight,
 On the left foot now she bounded,
 Now she stood upon the right.
 Like a beautiful Bacchante,
 Here she soars, and there she kneels;
 While amid her floating tresses,
 Flash two whirling Catherine wheels!

Hark! the blare of yonder trumpet!
 See, the gates are open'd wide!
 Room, there, room for Gomersalez—
 Gomersalez in his pride!
 Rose the shout of exultation,
 Rose the cat's triumphant call,
 As he bounded, man and courser,
 Over master, clown, and all!

Donna Inez Woolfordinez!
 Why those blushes on thy cheek?
 Doth thy trembling bosom tell thee,
 He hath come thy love to seek?
 Fleet thy Arab—but behind thee
 He is rushing, like a gale;
 One foot on his coal-black's shoulders,
 And the other on his tail!

Onward, onward, panting maiden!
 He is faint and fails—for now
 By the feet he hangs suspended
 From his glistening saddle-bow.
 Down are gone both cap and feather,
 Lance and gonfalon are down!
 Trunks, and cloak, and vest of velvet,
 He has flung them to the clown.

Faint and failing! Up he vaulteth,
 Fresh as when he first began;
 All in coat of bright vermilion,
 'Quipped as Shaw the Life-Guardsman!
 Right and left his whizzing broadsword,
 Like a sturdy flail he throws;
 Cutting out a path unto thee,
 Through imaginary foes.

Woolfordinez! speed thee onward!
 He is hard upon thy track—
 Paralyzed is Widdicombez,
 Nor his whip can longer crack;
 He has flung away his broadsword,
 'T is to clasp thee to his breast.
 Onward! see, he bares his bosom,
 Tears away his scarlet vest,

Leaps from out his nether garments,
 And his leathern stock unties—
 As the flower of London's dustmen,
 Now in swift pursuit he flies.
 Nimbly now he cuts and shuffles,
 O'er the buckle, heel and toe!
 And, with hands deep in his pockets,
 Winks to all the throng below!

Onward, onward rush the coursers,
 Woolfordinez, peerless girl,
 O'er the garters lightly bounding,
 From her steed with airy whirl!
 Gomersalez, wild with passion,
 Danger—all but her—forgets;
 Wheresoe'er she flies, pursues her,
 Casting clouds of somersets!

Onward, onward rush the coursers,
 Bright is Gomersalez' eyes;

Saints protect thee, Woolfordinez,
For his triumph, sure, is nigh!
Now his courser's flanks he lashes,
O'er his shoulders flings the rein,
And his feet aloft he tosses,
Holding stoutly by the mane!

Then, his feet once more regaining,
Doffs his jacket, doffs his smalls:
And in graceful folds around him
A bespangled tunic falls.
Pinions from his heels are bursting,
His bright locks have pinions o'er them;
And the public sees with rapture
Maia's nimble son before them.

Speed thee, speed thee, Woolfordinez!
For a panting god pursues;
And the chalk is very nearly
Rubbed from thy white satin shoes!
Every bosom throbs with terror,
You might hear a pin to drop;
All was hush'd save where a starting
Cork gave out a casual pop.

One smart lash across his courser,
One tremendous bound and stride,
And our noble Cid was standing
By his Woolfordinez' side!
With a god's embrace he clasped her,
Raised her in his manly arms;
And the stables' closing barriers
Hid his valor and her charms!"

For the sake of exhibiting the ludicrous contrast, we cannot refrain from setting beside the conclusion of this ballad the closing lines of Shelley's *Arethusa* :—

"And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale, where the Morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill,
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocky deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore,
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky,
Where they love but live no more."

Whoever has marked the soldierly attitude, heard the short, sharp, abrupt sentences, and the military tones of the Great Duke in addressing the House of Lords, cannot fail to be much amused with the following :—

"Sonnet to Britain.

"BY THE D— OF W—.

"Halt! Shoulder arms! Recover! As you were!
Right wheel! Eyes left! Attention! Stand at ease!

O Britain! O my country! Words like these
Have made thy name a terror and a fear
To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks,
Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo,

Where the grim despot muttered, 'Sauve qui peut!'

And Ney fled darkling.—Silence in the ranks!

Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash

Of armies, in the centre of his troop

The soldier stands—unmovable, not rash,

Until the forces of the foemen droop;

Then knocks the Frenchmen to eternal smash,

Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop!"

Here is a specimen of an imitation of the roll of Macaulay's long lines :—

"Fytte the First.

"What news, what news, thou pilgrim gray,
What news from southern land?

How fare the bold conservatives, how is it with Ferrand?

How does the little Prince of Wales? how looks our lady queen?

And tell me is the gentle Brough once more at Windsor seen?"

"I bring no tidings from the court, nor from St. Stephen's hall!

I've heard the thundering tramp of horse and the trumpet's battle-call;

And these old eyes have seen a fight, which England ne'er hath seen,

Since fell King Richard sobbed his soul through blood on Bosworth Green."

Here are next two right funny specimens of the absurd facility of Tennysonian verse :—

"Caroline.

"Lightsome, brightsome, cousin mine!

Easy, breezy Caroline!

With thy locks all raven shaded,

From thy merry brow up-braided,

And thine eyes of laughter full,

Brightsome cousin mine!

Thou in chains of love hast bound me—

Wherefore dost thou flit around me,

Laughter-loving Caroline!

When I fain would go to sleep

In my easy-chair,

Wherefore on my slumbers creep?

Wherefore start me from repose,

Tickling of my hookéd nose,

Pulling of my hair!

Wherefore, then, if thou dost love me,

So to words of anger move me,

Corking of this face of mine,

Tricky cousin Caroline!

When a sudden sound I hear,

Much my nervous system suffers,

Shaking through and through—

Cousin Caroline, I fear,

'T was no other hand but you

Put gunpowder in the snuffers,

Springing such a mine!

'T was no other but yourself,

Wicked-trickéd, little elf,

Naughty cousin Caroline!"

The second specimen is entitled,

"The Biter Bit.

"The sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing fair,

And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the air;

The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to
the sea,
And happiness is everywhere, oh, mother, but
with me!

They are going to the church, mother—I hear
the marriage bell;
It rises o'er the upland, it haunts me like a knell;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her
faltering step,
And she clings closely to his side, she does, the
demirep!

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where we
so oft have stood—
The stile beside the thorn at the corner of the
wood;
The boughs, that oft have echoed back the words
that won my ear,
Now bend their blossoms o'er him as he leads his
bridal fere.

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where
first my hand he pressed,
By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his
passion he confessed;
And down the hedgerows where we've strayed
again and yet again;
Yet he will not think of me, mother, his broken-
hearted Jane!

He said that I was proud, mother—he said I
looked for gold;
He said I did not love him—that my words were
few and cold;
He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher
game—
And it may be that I did, mother—but who has n't
done the same!

I did not know my heart, mother—I know it now
too late;
I thought that I without a pang could wed some
nobler mate;
But no nobler suitor sought me, and he has gone
elsewhere,
And my heart is gone, and I am left to wither in
despair.

You may lay me in my bed, mother, my head is
throbbing sore;
And mother, prithee let the sheets be duly aired
before;
And, if you would do pleasure to your poor de-
sponding child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and, mother,
draw it mild!

One more extract, and then we have done. It
is from "The Queen in France; an Ancient
Scottish Ballad:"—

"They hadna sailed a league, a league—
A league, but barely twa,
When the lift grew dark, and the waves grew wan,
And the wind began to blaw.

'O weel, weel may the waters rise,
In welcome o' their queen;
What gars ye look sae white, Albert,
What makes your e'e sae green?"

'My heart is sick, my heid is sair,
Gie me a glass o' the gude brandie:
To set my foot on the braid green sward,
I'd gie the half o' my yearly fee.

'It's sweet to hunt the sprightly hare
On the bonny slopes o' Windsor lea,
But O, it's ill to bear the thud
And pitching o' the saut, saut sea!"

In conclusion, it is scarcely necessary for us
to remark that the effusions of Bon Gaultier in
this volume are merely the results of high spirits
and a few leisure hours of one of the first scholars
of the day, and one of the very best original writ-
ters in prose and verse.

But though we have spoken the farewell to our
gentle reader, the word that ever has been and
must be, let us claim to be allowed the Hibernian
privilege of one word more, and it will be to show
the versatility of Bon Gaultier's genius, frolick-
some and ludicrous, without the stain of ribaldry,
or the plague-spot of ill-nature. He who tells us
in *l'Envoy* to this *Book of Ballads*—

"I am he who sang
Of Mr. Colt, and I am he who framed
Of Widdicombe the wild and wondrous lay,"

is, at the same time, one of the best translators of
the loose and passionate gentleman Catullus, the
mystic Goëthe, and the towering Schiller; and he
has even dealt with Dante with a fervor, and
energy, and vigor, which clearly point him out as
a man who might prove himself a capable and
worthy translator of the mighty Florentine's
works into our vernacular: "*Si illi ullum tribu-
eretur vacuum tempus et liberum: neque enim
occupatâ operâ, neque impedito animo, res tanta
suscipi potest: utrumque opus est et curâ vacare
et negotio.*" We give one specimen, a short one,
from a canzone of Dante's, of Bon Gaultier's per-
fect mastery of pure, rich, old English, ere it be-
came *mountebanked by sesquipedalia verba*, founded
on the stilted Latin of the orators—of his perfect
and peculiar familiarity with and capability of
adopting in our tongue the rhythm of Dante, and
of his power of entering into the depths of Dante's
soul, and giving utterance to its inspirations:—

"Yes, Beatrice is gone to yonder heaven,
To realms where angels dwell and are in peace;
You ladies hath she left with them to stay,
She was not hence like other mortals riven,
By chill or calenture, or such disease,
But for her mighty wrath was borne away.
For her meek nature shed so bright a ray,
It beamed to heaven, and with a light so blest,
As woke amaze in the Eternal Sire,
And kindled sweet desire
To call a soul so lovely to his rest.
Then made He it from earth to Him to aspire,
Deeming this life of care and sorrowing
Unworthy of so fair and pure a thing."

INCOME TAX.—The number of persons who
return themselves to the income tax as having
150*l.* per annum and no more, is 200,000. Thus,
then, one fifth of the five millions is paid to this
odious tax by exactly the very class who can least
afford it.

From Chambers' Journal.

BOOKSELLING ABROAD.

In treating of any subject respecting books, it is difficult to get away from Germany. There modern literature first took root, and, nurtured by the press, branched off into the "utmost corners of the earth." There also literary commerce has been reduced to a system more complete and effectual than in any other country in which "the trade" flourishes. It is to Germany, therefore, that our present notices of the book-trade must be for a while confined.

Piracy and fraud are as old as bookselling itself. The ingenious devices of the dishonest kept pace with the extensive development of the book-trade by the printer's art; and as soon as a publisher became famous for the correctness and legible neatness of his editions, his name and "marks" were fraudulently forged by inferior typographers, to insure a readier sale for works than their own merits would have procured. We must here digress for a moment, to say a word concerning the symbols adopted by the old booksellers, who were (and by the book-fancier still are) so well known by the devices they placed on their title-pages, that neither their name nor place of residence was necessary. Of these marks, the best known are as follows:—The anchor, the sign adopted by Raphelengius of Leyden; an anchor, with a dolphin twisted round it, was the symbol of the Mavutti of Venice and Rome. The Stephenses of Paris and Geneva put forth the olive-tree; and the Elzevirs of Amsterdam adopted the same symbol. The signs of the Zodiac were likewise appropriated as marks by some publishers; while others constructed rebuses. Thus, Richard Harrison, an English printer, who died in 1562, printed on his title-pages a *hare*, a sheaf of *rye*, and a representation of the *sun*. William Norton, who, besides a bookseller, was treasurer of Christ's Hospital, (1593,) had a "sweet *William*" growing out of a *tun*, inscribed with the word *nor*. Others equally puerile might be cited. The literary pirates, who forged the marks of the best booksellers, chiefly resided in Geneva and Vienna. In the last-named city, one J. Thomas Edler Von Trattner made himself as famous in the book-trade by the daring boldness of his piracies, as the Sallee rovers did amongst the shipping interests of the civilized world. No sooner had a printer put forth a carefully-prepared edition of some valued classic, than these forgers set their presses to work, and produced an exact imitation of it at a much lower price. This system had risen by the year 1765 to a pitch so ruinous to the regular trade, that the German publishers entered into a confederacy to put a stop to it. Erasmus Reich, one of the partners in the Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, (an extensive publishing concern,) called a meeting at Frankfurt, and proposed certain laws and regulations, the chief object of which was to tie down the booksellers of Germany not to sell any copies of the spurious editions. To this agreement fifty-nine booksellers subscribed. By the year 1797, the association spread its influence throughout the country, and ever since the latter year, no person can sell a book without being a member of the German booksellers' association (Deutschen Buchhändler Verein) of Leipsic, to which place the book-trade has since been concentrated. By means of this concentration, improvements have gradually been made in the organization of the

book-trade, until formed into the system it is at present—an explanation of which will be found interesting.

The book-trade of Germany is divided into three distinct branches—1st, That of the publisher (Verlagsgeschäft); 2d, The booksellers' business (Sortimentshandel); 3d, The agencies (Commissionsgeschäft). The first two branches are frequently united, and often all three are carried on together. The business of the publisher needs little description. He buys the manuscript from the author, and gets it printed, either by his own presses, or by other parties for his account, and sends copies to such booksellers as he thinks likely to sell the work. The invoice is fastened on the outside of the parcel, half folded up, so that only the head, bearing the name of the bookseller to whom it is directed, and the name of the publisher from whom it comes, is to be seen. The parcels are all put in one bale, and sent to the publisher's agent in Leipsic, who distributes them to the different agents in that town. Every respectable bookseller of Germany employs an agent in Leipsic. Such copies of new works are called "Nova;" on the invoice is put "pr. Nov." (*pro Novitate*.) They are sent "on condition," (*à condition*,) that is, with the option to keep them or to send them back. The returned books are properly called *remittiren*, though more frequently and jocosely *krabbe* (crabs.) By such conditional consignments, private persons have the advantage of being able to look into the merit of a work before they are called upon to buy it, whereby new publications get to all parts of the country, and at the same price as at the place of publication—a system which is quite peculiar to the German book-trade, and which has certainly contributed much to the diffusion of knowledge in Germany. The prices are put down either at the shop price or net price. On the shop price (*ordinair*) a discount of one third, or thirty-three and one third per cent., is usually allowed by the publishers to "the trade" for books, and for prints and journals one fourth, or twenty-five per cent. Books which have been published for some time are seldom sent out "on condition," but must be ordered, which is done by sending a small slip of paper (*Verlangszettel*)—containing the name of the publisher, the name of the bookseller who orders, and the title of the work—to the agent of the publisher, who transmits the work by the first opportunity, and, if quickly wanted, by post. Every publisher of note sends some copies of his publications to his agent in Leipsic, in order that he may execute without delay any orders which may come in; so that the shortest and cheapest way of procuring a work is generally by sending to Leipsic for it.

At the New Year, at Easter, and at Michaelmas, the fairs before alluded to* are held at Leipsic, exclusively devoted to the sale of books. Of the three, however, the grand concentration of the trade takes place at Easter (Jubilatemesse); for that is the time when all accounts are, or should be, closed between the booksellers of various parts of Germany, who either attend the fair personally for that purpose, or send some confidential clerk.

Although the book-trade of Germany is centralized in Leipsic, yet it must not be supposed that it is exclusively conducted at the fairs. New publi-

* See p. 392 of our last number.

cations, though usually first issued at them, are occasionally forwarded for general distribution in the monthly parcels, of which many thousand bales annually arrive, and are sent away. Thus, whenever a book may be printed, it is invariably published or issued in Leipsic; where every local *Sortimentshändler* has his *commissionär*, or agent. Instead, therefore, of applying directly to the local publisher for a new work, he sends to this commissioner in Leipsic, and through him the order reaches its destination. If a bookseller of Berlin, for instance, has ordered books from Vienna, Strassburg, Munich, Stuttgart, and a dozen other places, they are all transmitted to his Leipsic agent, who then forwards them in one mass much more cheaply than if each portion had been sent separately and directly to Berlin.

The censorship of the press, which is exercised in every state belonging to the German confederation, opposes a great and important hindrance to the prosperity of literature, especially in a commercial point of view. Each journal and publication under twenty sheets, whatever be the subject of which it treats—politics, literature, arts, or science—must be sent in manuscript to the censor, who strikes out what he thinks proper before the printing of it is allowed. The delay, and frequently arbitrary or capricious interference arising from this system, are evident; nor can it be denied that much bad feeling and discontent are thereby created. Moreover, not only all German books published in the country are subject to this censorship, but in some of the states all books imported from other states belonging to the German confederation are similarly treated. In Austria, for instance, all books coming from Prussia, or from the minor states of Germany, are considered as foreign books, and are subject to a second censorship in that country. They are either admitted free by the word "*Admittitur*," or admitted with the restriction not to be advertised ("*Transeat*"); sometimes they are to be delivered only to certain persons to whom the censorship has given special leave to receive them ("*Erga schedam*"); or they are totally prohibited ("*Damnatur*."). In Prussia, all books printed out of Germany in the German language must be laid before the college of Upper Censorship (*Ober Censur Collegium*) before the sale of them is allowed. These separate interests and separate laws prove very efficacious in encouraging piracy. In Germany, neither author nor publisher has much chance of making a fortune; each state of the confederation having its own law of copyright, and the protection it affords of course only extends over the territory itself; hence, no sooner does a work of merit appear in one state than it is pirated by the next, and as the same language is common to the whole confederation, nothing more is wanted than a mere reprint. This practice affords an explanation of several peculiarities which attach to German bookselling. The most prominent of which are, firstly, the cheapness of literary labor; for a publisher cannot be expected to give much for a work which, if it be bad, has no sale, and if good, is forthwith stolen. Secondly, the frequency of publications by subscription; for there is no other method by which even authors of the greatest genius can secure a reasonable profit. Thirdly, the coarseness of paper and types for which German books are distinguished; for the publisher has no chance of competing with the pirate except by making his own edition too cheap to be undersold.

Despite these hindrances, however, "the trade" flourishes. The number of German booksellers has so much increased within the last twenty years, that many of those who have been long established are complaining of underselling and other irregularities; but in that respect the older members of the trade may be said to suffer no more than their compeers in other branches of commerce, whose profits and modes of doing business are interfered with from competition set up through the demands of an augmenting population. The number of booksellers in Leipsic in 1839 was 116; the total number in Germany was 1233, who resided in 337 towns. Besides these, were 49 booksellers belonging to German-Switzerland, and 99 foreigners who regularly do business at the Leipsic fairs.* Since 1839, however, the number of foreign houses in connection with Leipsic has increased, especially those of Great Britain. Several firms, both in London and Edinburgh, regularly attend at least one of the fairs yearly.

Having disposed of the book-trade of Germany, we now proceed to glance at that of Russia. Here the dawning of literature began with Peter the Great. The first book ever printed in the country was struck off at St. Petersburg in 1713, and the first newspaper in the year following. Now there are 25 booksellers and printers at St. Petersburg, besides several others at Moscow, Riga, Dorpat, Reval, Warsaw, and Wilna. Among the number are many German establishments, which supply that part of the population who speak the German language, and such of the natives as are fond of German literature, who are pretty numerous. In 1837, the number of new works published in Russia was 866, of which 740 were original, and 122 translated works. There were also 48 periodicals treating of politics and literature. The censorship of the press is extremely rigid.

Of the book-trade carried on in the more southern portions of Europe, Paris is the headquarters; we shall therefore treat of French bookselling in this place. In France there is no such organization of the book-trade as in Germany. Paris is the great central point where almost all works of any renown are printed, and where the most distinguished men of letters, artists, and authors, are to be found. The booksellers of the departments, it is true, have also their agents in Paris, but they do not maintain such a regular and constant intercourse as those in Germany. Besides, the publishers (*Editeurs Libraires*) seldom send their publications "*à condition*;" the booksellers (*Marchands Libraires*) must order, and generally pay for them in cash. Sometimes, however, a credit of three, four, or six months is granted. The trade allowances are regulated not as in other countries, by the sale price, but by the subjects of the works. The discount on historical, critical, and elementary books, is twenty-five per cent.; that on mathematical and strictly scientific works, is from ten to fifteen per cent.; while upon romances, tales, and literature of the lighter order, it is often as high as fifty per cent. Literary censorship was early introduced into France, and exercised most severely. Charles IX. published an edict in 1563, by which he forbade printers to issue unauthorized works "under pain of hanging or strangulation." The censorship continued to be enforced down to the

* See the Quarterly Journal of the Statistical Society, vol. iii.

reign of Charles X., whose unfortunate ordonnance of the 27th July, 1830, by which he would have further circumscribed the liberty of the press, produced the last revolution. From that time the censorship was abolished; but a sort of substitute for it remains, in the very stringent laws against libel. In the year 1830, there were in France 620 printers, residing in 283 towns, and 1124 booksellers and stationers; all of whom are obliged to be *brevetés*, that is, licensed, and sworn to abide by certain prescribed rules. A Paris paper states that their press had produced within the last year as many as 6377 works in the dead and living languages, 1388 prints and engravings, 100 musical works, 54 maps and charts; whilst the copies of newspapers struck off amounted in number to 34,750,000.

In Italy there is no regular intercourse whatever among booksellers. It is only with the greatest trouble and expense that a work published in any part of Italy can be procured in a remote town not belonging to the same government. The counterfeiting of books is so prevalent, that one printed at Milan is counterfeited at Florence, and *vice versa*. The censorship also presses heavily on all kinds of publications, much more so than in Germany. The customs' duty on foreign works is so enormous, that it is cheaper to pirate popular books than to import them. In the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, each octavo volume has to pay 3 carlini, or 1s. entrance duty; a quarto volume 6 carlini; and a volume in folio 10 carlini, or 3s. 4d.

In Holland, the chief seat of the book-trade is Amsterdam, which boasts of 80 booksellers, who have adopted the German system in dealing with their provincial brethren, of whom there are 101. In 1828 there were published in Holland 770 new books. In Belgium, Brussels is almost the only town where works of any note are published. They consist principally of republications of French and English works, which are much in demand, on account of their neatness and cheapness. There are several extensive printing establishments at Brussels, and also a joint company of publishers, whose open and avowed aim is the counterfeiting of good French and English works, published often at the same time as the original edition, or very soon after. By the constitution of 25th February, 1831, Belgium enjoys an extensive freedom of the press. In the year 1838, there appeared in Belgium 84 periodicals, of which 40 were published at Brussels.* In other continental countries, the trade carried on in books is almost nominal.

Before we glance at the book-trade at home—which we shall do in a concluding article—we must notice the increasing demand for foreign books which has recently taken place in Great Britain. From the continental peace, which, happily, has not been disturbed since 1815, the importation into this country of foreign works has steadily augmented. Free commercial intercourse once established with our continental brethren, intellectual and literary intercommunion followed; and to render this the more effectual, the French, German, and Italian languages have been of late extensively studied. Books in those languages (especially in the two former) have therefore been eagerly read, and a demand for them increases daily. Five-and-twenty years ago, there was no

English bookseller who confined his trade exclusively to foreign books; now, there are at least fifty German, French, and Italian booksellers in London alone. In Edinburgh, there are three of "the trade" who make the sale of foreign works a prominent feature in their business. During the last ten years, an average of £8000 has been annually paid for duties on foreign works imported into Great Britain.* The value of such books imported in 1843 was £132,019.

The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in relation to Health and Morals. By GEORGE MOORE, M. D., &c.

THE first apparent purpose of Dr. Moore is to prove that the soul is immaterial and has an existence separate from the body, with an action apart from the brain, and depending as a medium rather upon the nervous system. With this object he goes over a large extent of ground, physiological, metaphysical, and physical—in the sense of the disease or ill effects induced by disordered action or disordered emotions. During this long survey, he brings together a great number of curious facts relative to the operations of the mind in health, in disease, and in the abnormal states of insanity, mesmerism, and somnambulism; but without inducing conviction in his main object; since, if thought, or rather mental volition, is impossible to matter, then is the mind of brutes immaterial. We are not sure that Dr. Moore might deny this conclusion; but if it be admitted, no religious results can be deduced from immateriality. Something of the same logical defect may be visible in the practical conclusions aimed at. We all know the power of the mind; how the health and the functions of the body are controlled by it; how one passion or emotion is subdued by another more powerful. The difficulties lie in the discovery and application of the proper stimuli, so as to act not at random but by rule, and safely as well as regularly; for intense emotion may not only injure health but destroy life, as some of Dr. Moore's instances show. Proper nutriment and proper exercise are the true principles for a healthy human being, if we could but apply them; though, perhaps, the *mens sana in corpore sano* requires a good basis to proceed upon. If, however, Dr. Moore's conclusions are not altogether convincing, his book is curious, and attractive from the number of curious facts he has collected together.

PLAYING CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.—A novel and amusing game of chess was yesterday played by the electric telegraph of the South Western Railway, between Mr. Staunton at one end of the railway, and Mr. Walker, the well-known writer on chess, at the other. The players, though thus separated nearly one hundred miles apart, played, through the rapid and accurate communication afforded by the telegraph, with the greatest ease and facility. After an unusually long contest, in which both gentlemen well maintained their established repute, the game was declared to be a drawn one, each party being left with one rook and three pawns on the board.

*This duty was, on books printed previous to 1801, 1l. per cwt.; on those printed after, 5l. By the new tariff of 1843, the latter item is reduced to 2l. 10s. per cwt.

*See the Quarterly Journal of the Statistical Society, vol. iii.

From Fraser's Magazine.

RYHMES OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

I.

THE HAUNTED TARN ON THE MOOR.

THERE lies a lonely mountain tarn
On Albyn's wildest ground,
Scarce known but to the heather bee
On homeward errand bound,
Or to the wearied shepherd boy
Who seeks his charge around.

It is a solitary moor,
Girt by a giant band
Schihallion throned, like Jove on high,
With his thunders in his hand;
While a hundred lesser mighty ones
In glory 'neath him stand.

From either side, below the tarn,
Two vales together blend;
Loch Tummel and Loch Rannoch stretch
Their arms from end to end;
Down to their margins from the steep
The yellow birches bend.

Hamlets and wooded knolls are there,
And fields of plummy grain,
And troops of happy villagers
Work busy in the plain;
But tillage on this mountain moor
Were all bestowed in vain.

No plough has torn its clotted moss,
No foliage waves in sight,
Save one dark clump of ragged pines
On a small barren height—
A fearful place it were to pass
On a gusty winter night!

A tale is told of battle fought
'Twixt clans a feud that bare:
The Robertsons, by Stewarts chased
From Rannoch's forest lair,
Turned by the lonely tarn at bay,
And took them unaware.

Then had the Robertsons revenge,
Their foes were rash and few;
The waters gurgled red with blood
Their mossy basin through,
Nor was a Stewart left to tell
What hand his clansmen slew.

Down in the vale beside her fire,
The wife of one there slain
Sang to the babe was at her breast
That could not sleep for pain;
When, hush! a sound is at her door
Of neither wind nor rain.

Nor sound of foot, though shape of man,
Pale, shadowy, blood-defiled,
Withouten latch or turn of hinge
Stood by her and her child,
Then glided back with hand outstretch'd
Towards the gloomy wild.

She sprang and call'd her sister dear,
A maiden fresh and young,
"I pray thee tend my little child,
I shall be back ere long;
I fear me lest the Robertsons
Have done my husband wrong."

She kissed the babe whose downy limbs
Lay folded in her breast,
She gave it to her sister's charge
From its maternal nest;
Then, with her plaid about her clasp'd,
Unto the moorland press'd.

The shadowy wraith beside her stood
Soon as she closed the door,
And, as she pass'd by kirk and wood,
Still flitted on before,
Guiding her steps across the burn,
Up, up, unto the moor.

The moon was hid in weeds of white,
The night was damp and cold,
The wanderer stumbled in the moss,
Bewildered on the wold,
Till suddenly the clouds were rent,
The tarn before her roll'd.

The heather with strange burdens swell'd—
On every tuft a corse,
On every stunted juniper,
On every faded gorse;
The woman sank, and on her lids
Her weak hands press'd with force.

Again she was constrain'd to gaze,—
Lo! on each dead man's brow,
A tongue of flame burn'd steadily,
Though there was breeze enow
To shake the pines that overhead
Waved black, funereal bough.

And, dancing on the sullen loch,
A ghostly troop there went,
Whose airy figures floated high
On the thin element;
And grimly at each other's forms
Their mock claymores they bent.

One brush'd so near, she turn'd her gaze,
She stood transfix'd to stone;
It was the face of him she sought,
Close pressing on her own,
And fell upon her straining ear
One deep and awful moan.

She started back with madden'd shriek—
Shriek echoed by the dead;
She gave a hurried pray'r to heaven,
Then o'er the moorland fled;
Until she reach'd the village kirk,
She dared not turn her head.

Not long her thread of life endured,
Not long her infant hung
Upon that bosom terror-dried,
That mouth no more that sung.
She died, and ever since the tarn
Is shunn'd by old and young.

For still the gusty breezes raise
The phantom's anguish'd cry,
Still on the water's brim they flit
When winter storms are high;
Still flames, nor wind nor wave can quench,
Are ever burning nigh.

Nay, if you doubt it, wend your way,
In twilight's deepening blue,
And watch beneath those spectral pines
One stormy midnight through;
And, if your courage fail you not,
You shall behold them too!

II.

CULLODEN.

There was tempest on the waters, there was
darkness on the earth,
When a single Danish schooner struggled up the
Moray Firth;
Far and grim the Ross-shire mountains loom'd
Unfriendly on its track,
Shriek'd the wind along their gorges like a suf-
ferer on the rack,
And the utmost deeps were shaken by the stun-
ning thunder-peal,—
"T was a sturdy hand, I trow ye, that was needed
at the wheel!

Though the billows flew about them till the mast
was hid in spray,
Though the timbers strain'd beneath them, still
they bore upon their way,
Till they reached a fisher village, where the ves-
sel they could moor;
Every head was on its pillow when they landed on
the shore,
And a man of noble presence bade the crew,
"Wait here for me;
I will come back in the morning, when the sun
has left the sea."

He was yet in manly vigor, though his lips were
ashen white;
On his brow were early furrows, in his eyes a
clouded light;
Firm his step withal, and hasty, through the
blinding mist so sure,
That he found himself by dawning on a wide and
barren muir,
Only marked by dykes and heather, bare alike of
house and wood,
But he knew the purple ridges—'t was Culloden
where he stood!

He had known it well aforetime, not as now, so
drear and quiet;
Then astir with battle's horror, drunken with
destruction's riot;
Now so peaceful and unconscious, that the or-
phan'd and exiled
Was unmann'd to see its calmness, weeping
weakly as a child:
And a thought arose of madness, and his hand
was on his sword,
But he crush'd the coward impulse, and he spoke
the bitter word:

"I am here, O sons of Scotland, ye who perish'd
for your king;
In the misty wreaths before me I can see your
tartans swing;
I can hear your slogan, comrades, who to Saxon
never knelt,—
Oh, that I had died among ye with the fortunes
of the Celt!

"There he rode, our princely warrior, and his
features wore the same
Pallid shape of deep foreboding as the First one
of his name,—
Ay, as gloomy was his sunset, though no Scot his
life betray'd,
Better plunge in bloody glory, than go down in
shame and shade.

"Stormy hills, did ye protect him, that o'erlook
Culloden's plain,

Dabbled with the heather blossoms, red as life-
drops of the slain!
Did ye hide your hunted children from the ven-
geance of the foe,
Did ye rally back the flying for one last despair-
ing blow!
No! the Saxon holds dominion, and the humbled
clans obey,
And their bones must rot in exile who disdain
usurpers' sway.

"He is sunk in wine's oblivion, for whom High-
land blood was shed,
Him the kerna most wretched sheltered with a
price upon his head;
Beaten down like hounds by whipping, crouch we
from our master's sight;
And I tread my native mountains like a robber in
the night;
Spite of tempest, spite of danger, hostile man and
hostile sea,
Gory field of sad Culloden, I have come to look on
thee!"

So he plucked a tuft of heather that was blooming
at his foot,
That was nourished by dead kinsmen and their
bones were at its root;
With a sigh he took the blossom, striding quickly
to the strand,
Where the Danish crew awaited 'mong a curious
fisher band;
Brief his parley, swift his sailing with the tide,
and ne'er again
Saw the Moray Firth that stranger or the schooner
of the Dane.

III.

THE BALLAD OF EVAN DRU.

As swarming bees upon the wing,
The people crowded o'er the hill;
And now the bell had ceased to ring,
The village kirk had ceased to fill.

The mountain burn that washed the graves
Murmured a hymn while running by;
And with the solemn chime of waves
A hundred voices clomb the sky.

The sunbeams through the open door
Came streaming in across the place,
And, messengers of gladness, bore
Heaven's radiance to each humble face.

On upturned foreheads, sage and good,
They lingered with seraphic smile,
When in the darkened doorway stood
A stranger man, and paused awhile.

His raiment had a foreign air,
His brow was burnt by foreign skies;
And there was fierceness in his stare
That suited ill devotion's eyes.

He looked around with changing cheek,
Then hurried to the nearest pew,
As one whose heart, too full to speak,
Those time-worn stairs and benches knew

The preacher eyed him as he went,
Remembrance on his features shone;
His pleading waxed more eloquent,
A warmer pity fired his tone.

"Why will ye die who know full well
Your sentence just, our warning true?
The Lord our God is terrible,
And yet the Lord hath bled for you!

"Whate'er your weakness, e'er your guilt,
His fountains wash the blackest crime;
Ah! not in vain his blood was spilt!
Turn, sinners, in th' Accepted Time!"

The stranger stirred, as ill at ease,
And shunned the preacher's earnest gaze;
When, strong as wind that shakes the trees,
Up swelled the stately Paraphrase:

"As long as life its term extends
Hope's blest dominion never ends;
For, while the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return."

From lisping child and tuneful girl
The glorious measure rolled on high;
Ah, Evan Dhu, the battle's whirl
Ne'er sent such dimness to thine eye!

Of on the lawless Spanish main,
When pirate colors shamed thy mast,
The voice of that reproving strain
At midnight o'er thy slumbers passed!

Of heaving on the southern swell,
A thousand watery leagues from land,
Thy village kirk's familiar bell
Rang through the stillness, close at hand.

"Hope's blest dominion!" for those years,
Thy reckless youth, thy hardened prime!
The stricken wretch arose in tears,
And fled as from pursuing crime.

The hymn sank down, the singers' eyes
Each other sought in wondering dread,
Until an old man spake, with sighs,
"My son is living who was dead!"

"Yes, 't is the son whom I have wept
As false to God, and lost to me;
But he whose hand the wanderer kept,
Will set the slave of Satan free."

With tears upon his visage old,
The trembling father sought his son,
Who, flung upon the heathy mould,
Embraced his mother's burial-stone.

A woman sat beside the tomb;
Her youth was fled, her eyes were dim;
For she had lived away her bloom
In agonizing thoughts of him.

Ah, Evan Dhu! beloved of yore,
Thy wooing met no coy denial;
But pleasure gilt a foreign shore,
And she was left to faith and trial!

Thou, all unworthy of her love,
Debased thy heart to low desires;
She was a star that watched above
The marshes' false, uncertain fires.

Long watched, long waited, till, at last,
Her soul was from its anchor driven;
And reason was by love o'ercast,
And every link of memory riven.

With inexpressive sweetness smil'd
Her eyes, that knew not friend from friend,
While, harmless as a gentle child,
Her daily steps would church-ward tend.

Ah, Evan Dhu! beside thee sat
This idol of thy boy romance;
Ah, Evan Dhu! return'd too late
To wilder'd brain and vacant glance!

She knew him not, but chanted low
An ancient lay of love and sorrow,
And aye its sad returning flow
Was "Smile to-day, grief comes to-morrow."

But many years were yet for him,
A penitent, heart-broken man,
To drain a cup that o'er the brim
With bitter juice of memory ran—

Long years for him to tend the maid,
Whose restless eyes still turn'd away,
Who spoke his name but to upbraid
With tender plaints the Far-away.

Dire was his penance, by her side,
To mark the wreck, to feel the shame,
She never knew him, though she died
Calling on his beloved name.

IV.

THE OLD HOUSE OF URRARD.

Dost fear the grim brown twilight?
Dost care to walk alone
When the firs upon the hill-top
With human voices moan?
When the river in his channel
Doth twist through craggy linn,
Like one who cannot sleep o' nights
For evil thoughts within?
When the hooting owls are silent
The ghostly sounds to hark
In the ancient house of Urrard,
When the night is still and dark?

There are graves about old Urrard,
Huge mounds by rock and tree,
And they who lie beneath them
Died fighting by Dundee.
Far down along the valley,
And up along the hill,
The fight of Killiecrankie
Has left a story still;
But thickest show the traces,
And thickest throng the sprites,
In the woods about old Urrard
On the gloomy winter nights.

In the garden of old Urrard,
Among the bosky yews,
Uprears a turfy hillock,
Refresh'd by faithful dews;
Here died the Highland captain,
By charmed silver ball,
And all the might of victory
Dropp'd nerveless in his fall;
Last hope of exiled Stuart—
Last heir of chivalrie—
In the garden of old Urrard
He fell, the great Dundee!

In the ancient house of Urrard
There's many a hiding den—

The very walls are hollow
 'To succor flying men;
 For not e'en lady's chamber
 Barr'd out the fierce affray,
 And couch and silken hanging
 Were stain'd with blood that day:
 From yonder secret passage
 Hack'd sword, and skull, and bone,
 Were brought to light in Urrard,
 When years had pass'd and gone.

If thou sleep alone in Urrard,
 Perchance in midnight gloom
 Thou'lt hear behind the wainscot
 Of that old haunted room
 A fleshless hand that knocketh,
 A wail that cries on thee,
 And rattling limbs that struggle
 'To break out and be free.
 It is a thought of horror,
 I would not sleep alone
 In the haunted rooms of Urrard,
 Where evil deeds were done.

Up in the dusty garrets,
 That stretch along the roof,
 Stand chests of ancient garments,
 Of gold and silken woof.
 When men are lock'd in slumber
 The rustling sounds are heard
 Of dainty ladies' dresses,
 Of laugh and whisper'd word,
 Of waving wind of feathers,
 And steps of dancing feet,
 In the garrets of old Urrard,
 Where the winds of winter beat.

By the ancient house of Urrard
 Its warder mountain sits;
 Whene'er those sounds arouse him
 His cloudy brow he knits;
 For he the feast remembers,
 Remembers too the fray,
 And to him flee the spectres
 At breaking of the day.
 There under mossy lichen
 They couch with hare and fox,
 Near the ancient house of Urrard,
 'Mong Ben-y-Vrachy's rocks.

E. A. H. O.

From Hood's Magazine.

MOLOCH, OR THE SONG OF THE FURNACE.

BY EDWARD JOHN SELWYN.

"The Fire that saith not, 'It is enough.'"

Prov. xxx. 16.

HEAP on the coal! my masters!
 Stint not the food I love;
 I need no banquet-tasters,
 Its wholesomeness to prove.
 Heap on! with hand unsparing,
 And scuttle and shovel light:
 I'll sing ye songs worth hearing!
 Deem ye me dumb to-night!
 Mine is a mirthful story,
 Though haply sad to you—
 Say, would ye wot of glory?
 Then list—my tale is true!

Whilom, this spot was meadow,
 Where now I roar at night;
 O'er the greensward, sun and shadow
 Danc'd in succession bright.

Here came the gay fawn, bounding
 Its dappled dam to greet;
 Heard they my rude roar sounding,
 Methinks their hoof were fleet.
 Here rose the lark at morning,
 The blythe thrush warbled here;
 Saw they my black throat yawning,
 They'd tumble in with fear!
 Hither came Youth and Beauty,
 Light steps and laughter gay;
 Methinks her face were sooty,
 Who gaz'd too near to-day.
 But lo! with axe on shoulder,
 The skilful artisan—
 Surely, there is none bolder
 Than that strange creature, man—
 He came, and hew'd the forest—
 He dug beneath the soil—
 His toil was of the sorest,
 Yet he reck'd not of his toil.
 Daily and nightly—deeper
 Beneath the earth he div'd—
 Woe! to the ling'ring sleeper!
 Woe! to the newly-wiv'd.
 Why bor'st thou, thou that borest!
 Delver, why delv'st thou so!
 Above ye grew the forest—
 Seek ye fresh groves below!
 They had hewn wood in the meadow,
 They found more wood below;
 For beneath that pit's dark shadow,
 Thick trunk on trunk did grow.
 'T was coal, they said—rich treasure!
 And, faith, right glad were they.
 They found great store—"No measure
 Can mete it out," they say.
 Coal! 't is the diamond's brother!
 Strange speech, I ween, yet true;
 Of one substance and one mother,
 Diverse enough their hue!
 This coal I feed on nightly—
 Coal, I devour by day:—
 Heap, heap on! the more brightly
 I burn, the more I'll say.
 And lo! in other places
 They delv'd beneath the sod,
 And cheeried grew their faces,
 And with lighter step they trod.
 "Ho! ho! black iron," they shouted,
 "Great luck is ours to-day!"
 They laughed. "What dullard doubted
 There was treasure in this clay!
 Erewhile, men said, earth riches
 Wave with the golden corn;
 Our darksome pits and ditches
 The cravens laugh'd to scorn.
 Say, will they laugh, when, clashing
 Farmer with artisan,
 In banded conflict dashing
 Black iron against red grain
 Shall fill the world with anguish,
 Tumult, and wild dismay,
 Till the grim ore shall vanquish
 Grain's bonded knavery?"
 Then took they brick, and daily
 Made me more tall and strong—
 (Ye must ply my fire more gaily,
 An ye would hear my song.)
 Then took they fire, and taught me
 On all that burns to feed:
 I ate up all they brought me,
 Nor knew I ought of need.
 Days, nights, weeks, months, yea longer,

Than one of you can tell,
Stronger I've wax'd and stronger,
As I remember well.
From out the earth's dark treasure,
They've brought me coal for food:
How my black jaws glow with pleasure,
When I roar my thanks, "'Tis good!"
From out the earth's cold bosom,
They've brought the hard black ore:
It has withered like some blossom
My scorching blast before.
I've laugh'd and gleam'd, how brightly!
To see the white stream glow,
When the tanks are open'd nightly,
That the molten flood may flow.
But louder far my laughter,
When they hurl in coal and ore:
Should he who hurls fall after,
He never stints me more.
But draw ye somewhat nearer;
I've a little tale to tell:
'T will somewhat thrill the hearer,
But ye may bear it well.
So heap the fuel—ay, faster—
I hunger. Telling tales
Is hung'ring work, good master;
The hungry memory fails.
If ye would hear my story,
Then feed me—an ye may—
Ye know not what's before ye,
If your feeding hand ye stay.

'Tis long ago—I heed not
How long the time may be—
There liv'd a maid—ye read not
Of a lovelier maid than she.
Though humbly faring, healthy;
With earth's lore ill endow'd:
In every good gift wealthy,
In conscious virtue proud.
Years brought at length a lover,
Her maiden heart to prove;
(I'd be last one to reprove her,
But I know not what is love.)
He lov'd her well—and pleaded
As a lover only can:
Provision small they needed,
Blest woman with blest man!
He wed her, and she bore him
One lovely child—men tell:
But woe was hanging o'er him—
'T was winter—wages fell—
And work grew scarcer daily—
And his heart sank cold within—
His eye's bright fire wan'd palely,
And his frame grew weak and thin.
Yet he toil'd on, though labor
Grew cheaper, day by day;
Till each whisper'd to his neighbor,
"Where get we bread, I pray!"
Yet did that lovely maiden,
Because her love was strong,
Pale, hung'ring, sorrow-laden,
Endure in silence long.
At length, one day, he left her,
Yet not in wrath but love:
Ne'er had he thus bereft her,
Save for her weal to rove.
"For," said he, "while I linger,
Wages more scarce become;
By search, 'chance, I may bring her
To some more prosperous home."
He went, and long he wander'd—

And sought—but all in vain;
"Woe! woe!" whene'er he ponder'd,
On his return again.
Meanwhile he sicken'd—sorrow
Had wrought on him full sore.
Sad each day—sad each morrow—
Hopeless his evermore.
He died—heart broken. Sadness
Had laid the husband low—
Grief wrought the wife to madness,
(At least men deemed it so.)
For one night, when the curtain
Of darkness veiled the sky,
She heard a voice uncertain,
A long, low, dismal cry—
" 'T was the furnace wrought this sorrow—
Let the furnace have his fill—
Thy dearest—e'er to-morrow—
Else"—then the voice was still!
She listen'd—'t was repeated—
And thrice she heard the same—
Till each madden'd sense was cheated,
And her brain seem'd all on flame.
From her humble couch she started,
And along the path she sprung—
Unclad—her hair, loose-parted,
To the chill night-breeze she flung—
And in her arms, half-waken'd,
Her shiv'ring child she bore,
To where my tall form blacken'd,
To my glare, and smoke, and roar.
"My child," she cried, "what ail'st thou?
Is the night dark and chill!
Haply from terror quail'st thou
That I shall work thee ill!
Hush thee, my child—grim voices
Have call'd us, and we go;
Yea, my sad heart rejoices
To have been summon'd so.
Soon will thy father greet thee,
Thy father, lost so long!
With his own kind smile he'll meet thee—
Fear'st thou he'll do thee wrong?
No, my child—warm is the pillow
Where thou shalt lay thy head;
Whelm'd 'neath yon fiery billow
Thou'lt pine no more for bread.
And I, too, soon shall follow—
Without thee, what were I?
Hear'st thou again that hollow—
Ah me!—that dismal cry?
Then clasp thee closer, dearest!
Hush thee! 't will soon be o'er!
Fear not—I know thou fearest
Thou wilt never see me more.
Nay—my love—where thou goest
I straight shall follow too:
How small a part thou knowest
Of what I go to do!
Farewell! farewell! one instant—
And we shall meet again.
Thou'lt fare better there, sweet infant:
One pang—then no more pain!"
Once and again she kiss'd him—
Sure, since the babe saw light,
Sweeter kiss ne'er had bless'd him,
Than she gave that dismal night.
Then once again—then leapt she
Where ye hurl in the ore—
There she hurl'd him—nor wept she
That she ne'er should meet him more.
Nay—had she wept, I reckon
Her tears had soon been dry,

For surely, ne'er war-beacon,
 Flam'd half so fierce as I.
 It had done ye good, to have listen'd
 How the child's flesh crack'd and fizz'd,
 And seen how my fierce eyes glisten'd,
 And the wild sparks round it whizz'd.
 She mark'd it all—and screaming
 Asked, "Hast thou now thy fill?
 Sure 't was thou call'dst—no dreaming
 Had wrought me half this ill;
 But since thou hast the baby,
 Take now the wife as well:
 Thou lov'st rich food—and may be,
 Much of it: who can tell?"
 Then down the op'ning hollow,
 With a rending shriek, and wild,
 She sprang, right glad to follow,
 Where she had hurl'd her child.
 Thus, I had slain the father—
 For I caus'd his want of bread.
 But I knew he would die rather,
 In his wife's and infant's stead;
 So I call'd the mother to me,
 And bade her burn the child;
 Now which of ye can show me
 Mirth half so gay and wild?
 And, but that ye've been filling
 My throat with what I lov'd,
 While I my tale was telling,
 Ye too my mirth had prov'd.
 Now each good sprite that hovers,
 Would ye do me a good turn,
 Send me plenty of young lovers,
 To wed, and starve, and burn.

From the New York Churchman.

Plato against the Atheists; or the Tenth Book of the Dialogue on Laws, accompanied with critical notes, and followed by extended dissertations on some of the main points of the Platonic Philosophy and Theology, especially as compared with the Holy Scriptures. By TAYLER LEWIS, LL. D., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in the University of the City of New York. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1845.

It is with us an axiom that no reconstruction of our philosophical systems, (not to say ethical and political,) will to any extent deserve success, which is not thoroughly pervaded with the Platonic spirit. For this reason we are glad to see an awakening interest taken in the study of Plato, and facilities afforded thereto by such editions of parts of his writings as will best meet the wants of our scholars. Little, however, had been done of which we are aware, till an edition of the *Gorgias*, by Professor Woolsey of Yale College, appeared in 1842, than which, by the way let us remark, no one edition of any classic has ever appeared in this country better fitted for a text-book in universities. That, however, *did* aim at being a text-book, and by its clear analytical introduction as well as its accurately critical annotations, has laid us under a deep sense of its value as a means of providing some knowledge of the text of Plato. Professor Lewis' volume is of a different kind; his aim has been to make it a text-book not so much of the Greek language as of Platonic philosophy, a starting point for his various excursions into regions of thought now seldom visited. Why he deems such investigations important will be best stated in his own language:—

"We believe that in this age there is a peculiar call for a deeper knowledge of Plato. Some acquaintance with his doctrine of ideas seems needed as a corrective to the tendency, so widely prevalent, to resolve all knowledge into an experimental induction of facts, not only in physical, but also in ethical and political science. If the Good, to adopt our author's own style, is something more than pleasure or happiness, either present or anticipated—if the True is something higher than past, present or future *facts*—if the Beautiful is something more than a generalization from pleasing individual sensations—if the Just and the Right involve inquiries far above those endless logomachies and questions of casuistry which form the main features of modern ethics—if the State is a reality transcending a present aggregation of flowing and perishing individuals—if Law is a spiritual power distinct from the muscular force of a majority of present wills—if God is something more than gravitation, or the eternal development of a physical fate, which is only another name for an eternal succession of inexplicable phenomena—if there is a real foundation for the *moral* and religious, as distinct from, and not embraced in, the *natural*; or, in other words, if penalty and retribution are terms of far more solemn import than the modern jargon about physical consequences—then surely is it high time that there should be some disturbance of this placid taking for granted of the opposing views; then surely should Plato be studied, if for no other purpose, as a matter of curiosity, to see if there may not possibly be some other philosophy that this noisy Baconianism, about which there is kept up such an everlasting din, or that still more noisy because more empty transcendentalism, which some would present as its only antidote. In place of all this, we want the clear, simple, *common sense* philosophy of Plato, commending itself, when rightly understood, to all the *νοῦτοι ἄνθρωποι*, or universal ideas of the race, in distinction from that miscalled common sense which is only the manufactured public opinion of the moment—a philosophy most religious—most speculative and yet most practical—most childlike in its primeval simplicity, and yet most profound. We speak with confidence on this point. The young man who is an enthusiastic student of Plato can never be a sciolist in regard to education, a quack in literature, a demagogue in politics, or an infidel in religion."—*Introduction*, pages 11–13.

With such earnestness and vigor we feel sure that the task which has been undertaken cannot fail of enlisting the warm admiration and approbation of those who long for some higher system of philosophy than those prevalent. Especially will the unsparing attacks made on those pursuits dignified by the name of Natural Philosophy, meet the yearnings of those whose sentiments of reverence for God cannot away with the theories by which "imponderable agents" are virtually substituted for the Providence which governs all things, the Being who is essential (not wisdom merely, but) goodness, mercy and truth *relied* of these attributes one after the other till nothing is left but a simple intelligence, and which in effect would substitute for Him in whom we live, move, and have our being, a *principle* more sluggish and unconcerned than the gods of Epicurus. That to some such conclusion as to our present state all will come who fairly survey the tendencies and developments of modern science, we cannot doubt.

With a subtle semi-atheism influencing our learned men and a bold rationalizing indifference leavening the conceit of half-learned men, while practical immorality issues in the lower classes, it is surely time that a higher standard were set for all ranks.

But we have no wish to inflict any more of our own ideas on these points upon our readers. Our pen will be better employed, and their time more profitably spent, in some account of the work before us. It opens with an enthusiastic introduction, of which we have given a specimen. Then follows the statement of the argument, and next to it the Greek text, accompanied by critical and explanatory notes. References to the more extended notes and dissertations occur here, which occupy the rest of the volume. It is here, that Professor Lewis has put forth his strength, discussing fully every point connected with the text, the main object being the same with Cudworth's well known work, viz., the confutation of atheism. The dissertations are seventy-five in number, and abound in most apposite illustrations from the other Platonic writings. To give any idea by way of abstract of the contents of these dissertations is utterly out of our power: their compactness denying further compression. One or two features we may notice, and conclude with an extract from the 34th excursus.

In excursus the 60th we find Professor Lewis almost adopting the view of those who have thought Plato in some sense under Divine guidance in his writings, but on the whole adopting a more enlarged and philosophical theory, for which we refer to the volume. Again: in more than one place expressions are used which will do anything but conciliate the favor of geologists and physical inquirers in general. But this we imagine will give the author but little concern. The extract which we give needs no exponent of its meaning. After one or two explanations of the way in which Plato's doctrine of *θεοὶ* was consistent with his belief in the Divine Unity he thus continues:—

"We may even go still further in our apology, and maintain that if he did hold that the heavenly bodies were animated, or that they were severally under the care of distinct spirits, there was, in the latter opinion at least, no serious error even when viewed in the light of revelation itself. The Bible not obscurely teaches that the personal destinies of individual men are, in a measure, under the direction and guardianship of supernatural beings. Churches are said to have their guardian angels according to Rev. ii. 1, which we prefer to take in this literal sense, rather than to adopt any other interpretation which has been forced upon it in the controversy respecting ecclesiastical government. The same doctrine is pretty clearly intimated in respect to nations, Daniel x. 20, 21, where Greece and Persia are said each to have their invisible champion, whether of a good or evil nature. There is also a remarkable passage, Deuteronomy, xxxii. 8, which, if taken according to the Septuagint version, would directly establish the same doctrine. 'When the Most High divided the nations, when he separated the sons of Adam, he appointed the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel,' as it is in the Hebrew, but, 'according to the number of the angels of God,' κατὰ ἀριθμὸν ἀγγέλων θεοῦ. as it stands in the Greek of the Septuagint. We cannot account for the difference, but it certainly

seems as though the Greek version was more consonant with the context which follows, and which asserts that 'Israel is the Lord's peculiar inheritance,' in distinction from the other nations which seem to have been left to the subordinate care of other directing powers. This very passage, too, it should be remarked, is quoted by Eusebius, *Præp. Evang.* xi. 26, to prove that Plato obtained his doctrine of the *δαίμονες* from Moses. That such an idea prevailed among the heathen nations, especially the Persians, is evident from Herodotus vii. 53, *θεοὶ τοὶ Περσίδα γῆν λαλῶσιν*.

"The Bible teaches us also that even the ordinary causes of physical events are under the controlling agency of angelic beings. 'He maketh his angels winds, his ministers a flaming fire;' as the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews renders it. Science with all its modern boasting can affirm nothing in opposition to this. It is a view which interferes not at all with the regularity and the apparent laws of physical phenomena, and, as we have seen, the Bible quite plainly reveals it. Nay more, may there not be found some countenance then to this very doctrine of Plato? If individuals and churches and nations and every department in nature have their presiding invisible powers, why not the heavenly bodies, why not an angel of the sun, of the moon and of each planet? Did the ancient Hebrew writers mean only physical instead of psychical powers, when they spoke of the *Hosts of Heaven*, and used that most sublime epithet, *Jehovah Tsebaoth*, or *Lord of Hosts*? The Septuagint, by rendering it *κύριος δυνάμεων*, have seemed to refer it to physical rather than spiritual agencies;* but it is a serious question whether much more than this is not contained in the Hebrew. Was it simply a sublime personification when it was said, 'He bringeth out their host by number; he calleth them all by name?' or when we are told that, at the creation of our earth, 'the stars of the morning sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?' We have no hesitation in preferring this, extravagant as it may appear, to that modern extreme which would leave such an immense unanimated solitude between man and the Deity, instead of filling it up as the old Patristic theology did, with *δαίμονες*, angels, thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers:—

With helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,

and all that array of invisible beings whose existence the Bible does seem to take for granted, although some in former times may have carried it to an extravagant extent.

"Surely we may still maintain the precious Protestant doctrine, that no one but the Supreme Lord of Hosts is entitled to any the least species of religious adoration, and yet believe in many an order of being, which, although of far higher rank, yet constitute, with man, an immense brotherhood of created intelligences, all intended for the manifestation of the glory of Him, by whom, and for whom, all things were created whether visible or invisible, whether in the earth or in the heavens. There is some reason to fear that Protestants, under the guise of a hyperspirituality, have gone too

* We cannot see that *δυνάμεις* is any more unfavorable to the idea of spiritual agencies than the corresponding Hebrew word; certainly there are passages which are more favorable to these than to physical, e. g. Tob. i. 5, Rom. i. 20, and many others.

far in the opposite direction to what is really a materializing and physical hypothesis. When we discover a disposition to banish in our minds all intermediate spiritual agencies, and, by magnifying natural causes, to place the Deity at the most remote distance possible, it does really seem as though, if we could or durst, we would dispense with His presence also in the regulation of the universe. In all ages, a tendency to that Sadducism which barely saves the doctrine of the soul's existence in another state, has been held, and justly held, to be near of kin to infidelity, if not to downright atheism. Far better to believe too much on this subject than too little, even if we cannot agree, with Plato, that there is a presiding spiritual superintendence assigned to each celestial body." Pages 231—3.

We must close our notice of this work; one which we regard as perhaps the most valuable accession to the cause of learning and religion combined which our country has produced. We earnestly hope that it may be introduced into all colleges and seminaries where Christianity is professed as a basis of education.

It remains but to add that the publishers have risen with the value of the publication so far as mechanical execution is concerned. The volume is one of the neatest ever issued from their press and the typography correct.

THE NEW GLASS MOSAICS.

Mr. DICKSEE has exhibited specimens at the soirées of most of the scientific institutions of the metropolis of his patent mosaics, which have likewise been approved by the royal commission on fine arts; and as mosaic decorations are becoming so popular, in consequence of the attention bestowed upon the subject by the royal commission on fine arts, some notice of this new and beautiful description of mosaic will be interesting.

The material employed is glass, and the method of producing the tesserae is by a process of moulding by pressure. For this purpose a small machine is used, from which the tesserae are produced of all shapes and sizes, perfectly formed, at a rapid rate and trifling cost.

The superiority of glass to pottery, and all substances used for mosaic purposes, has been universally admitted; but the immense cost of its manufacture into the required forms by the old methods has prevented its universal adoption.

Glass, as a material, is cheap; and the patentee is of opinion that when the duty is removed, he will be able to compete with pottery in price.

Glass excels all other materials employed for mosaic purposes, inasmuch as it can be obtained of any color, or tone of color, to suit the light in which it is to be used. It is imperishable, and will never corrode. It may be used with the fire polish natural to it, or the surface may be dulled or polished. Should the surface get scratched, the dirt will easily wash out;—such is not the case with porcelain or marble.

It combines all the effects that can be produced in all other mosaic materials; and the most costly marbles, pebbles, &c., are imitated with precision, and at no more cost than the plain colors. These imitations, when formed into slabs for table-tops, &c., have a most beautiful effect. Another description, which is applicable to mural decorations,

is that with figures pressed upon the surface, the figures may be of different color to the ground, and the surface may be coated with transparent glass, to make it even, and preserve the figures from dust.—*Polytechnic Review*.

PUNCH IN THE COUNTRY.—At this delightful season of the year, the aspect of nature, in her rustic guise, is peculiarly suggestive to the London mind of home associations. The lark warbling aloft, reminds us of Grisi; the lamb, skipping in the meadows, of Cerito; the bright blue sky, of that uniform which is worn by the guardians of the public peace. Analogy connects the light breeze with the street squabble, and the mist of the valley with that fog which forms the larger element of our native atmosphere. The verdant fields bid us think of those green ones whose innocence is the dupe of the quack and the swindler: the woods, of that pavement now laid down in our principal thoroughfares. The sparkling rill takes us to Trafalgar Square and its fountains; the rustic garden to that of Covent. The sunlight, turned on in its glory, awakens thoughts of gas, with especial reference to the Bude Light; and the whole joyous countenance of Dame Nature recalls us to those laughs which explode around the festive board at the joke of the humorist.

THE MYSTERY OF MEDICINE.

We perceive that Mr. Muntz has given notice of a motion requiring all medical practitioners to write their prescriptions in English, and to put plain English on their gallipots. If this proposal is adopted, the dignity of medicine is gone, for on the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, people fancy that a prescription must do them a wonderful deal of good if they cannot understand the meaning of it. Who will have any faith in medicine when he knows the ingredients?

There is something mysterious in *Duo pilluh facti cum pane*, but when we come to know that it means nothing more than "two bread pills," the senses revolt against the idea of deriving any benefit from taking them. Besides, when a medical man is in a hurry, and does not know exactly what to prescribe, he can always with safety scribble down *Aq.—Coleh.—pan.—Sen.—Mag.—Cort.*, and the apothecary, if he has any tact, will send in something harmless, with directions—at his own discretion—about the mode and period of taking it.

But if all prescriptions are to be in English, what on earth is a medical man to do when he wants to prescribe nothing at all, but a dose quite at the discretion of the chemist. We knew a facetious general practitioner who used to jot down *quod—plac—mi—form—car*, which looked very well in abbreviated Latin, but which was in short—or rather in full—*quodcunque places, mi formose care*—(whatever you please, my pretty dear;) a prescription the chemist always understood to mean water with a dash of senna in it, to be taken at bed-time. We entreat Mr. Muntz to pause before he strips medicine of that mystery which gives it half its importance in the eyes of the multitude. As to anglicizing the gallipots we defy the best linguist on earth to translate into English those mystic syllables which are painted at random with a view to variety, and without the remotest attempt at meaning.—*Punch*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Gregoire VII. : St. François d'Assise, St. Thomas D'Aquin. Par E. J. Delécluze. Two volumes. 8vo. Paris: 1844.

HE had been a shrewd, if not a very reverent observer of human life, who bowed to the fallen statue of Jupiter, by way of bespeaking the favor of the god in the event of his again being lifted on his pedestal. Hildebrand, the very impersonation of papal arrogance and of spiritual despotism, (such had long been his historical character,) is once more raised up for the homage of the faithful. Dr. Arnold vindicates his memory. M. Guizot hails him as the Czar Peter of the Church. Mr. Voight, a professor at Halle, celebrates him as the foremost and the most faultless of heroes. Mr. Bowden, an Oxford Catholic, reproduces the substance of Mr. Voight's eulogy, though without the fire which warms, or the light which irradiates, the pages of his guide. M. Delécluze, and the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*, are elevated by the theme into the region where rhetoric and poetry are conterminous; while M. l'Abbé Jager absolutely shouts with exultation, to witness the subsidence, at the voice of Protestants, of those mists which had so long obscured the glory of him, by whom the pontifical tiara was exalted far above the crowns of every earthly potentate. Wholly inadequate as are our necessary limits to the completion of such an inquiry, we would fain explore the grounds of this revived worship, and judge how far it may be reasonable to join in offering incense at the shrine of this reinstated *Jupiter Ecclesiasticus*.

Except in the annals of Eastern despotisms, no parallel can be found for the disasters of the Papacy during the century and a half which followed the extinction of the Carolingian dynasty. Of the twenty-four popes who during that period ascended the apostolic throne, two were murdered, five were driven into exile, four were deposed, and three resigned their hazardous dignity. Some of these Vicars of Christ were raised to that awful preëminence by arms, and some by money. Two received it from the hands of princely courtisans. One was self-appointed. A well-filled purse purchased one papal abdication; the promise of a fair bride another. One of those holy fathers pillaged the treasury, fled with the spoil, returned to Rome, ejected his substitute; and mutilated him in a manner too revolting for description. In one page of this dismal history, we read of the disinterred corpse of a former pope brought before his successor to receive a retrospective sentence of deposition; and in the next we find the judge himself undergoing the same posthumous condemnation, though without the same filthy ceremonial. Of these heirs of St. Peter, one entered on his infallibility in his eighteenth year, and one before he had seen his twelfth summer. One again took to himself a coadjutor, that he might command in person such legions as Rome then sent into the field. Another, Judas like, agreed for certain pieces of silver to recognize the Patriarch of Constantinople as universal bishop. All sacred things had become venal. Crime and debauchery held revel in the Vatican; while the afflicted church, wedded at once to three husbands, (such was the language of the times,) witnessed the celebration of as many rival masses in the metropolis of Christendom. To say that the gates of hell had prevailed against the seat and centre of Catholi-

cism, would be to defy the Inquisition. But Baronius himself might be cited to prove that they had rolled back on their infernal hinges, that thence might go forth malignant spirits, commissioned to empty on her devoted head the vials of bitterness and wrath.

How, from this hotbed of corruption, the seeds of a new and prolific life derived their vegetative power, and how, in an age in which the Papacy was surrendered to the scorn and hatred of mankind, the independence of the Holy See on the imperial crown became first a practical truth, and then a hallowed theory, are problems over which we may not now linger. Suffice it to say, that in the middle of the eleventh century, Europe once more looked to Rome as the pillar and the ground of the truth; while Rome herself looked forth on a long chain of stately monasteries, rising like distant bulwarks of her power in every land which owned her spiritual rule.

Of these, Clugni was the foremost in numbers, wealth, and piety; and at Clugni, towards the end of the year 1048, a priest, arrayed in all the splendor, and attended by the retinue of a pontiff elect, demanded both the hospitality and the homage of the monks. His name was Bruno. His office, that of the Bishop of Toul. But at the nomination of the Emperor Henry the Third, and in a Germon synod, he had recently been elected to the vacant Papacy, and was now on his way to Rome, to take possession of the Chair of Peter. The prior of the house was distinguished above all his brethren by the holiness of his life, the severity of his self-discipline, and by that ardent zeal to obey which indicates the desire and the ability to command. He was then in the prime of manhood, and his countenance (if his extant portraits may be trusted) announced Hildebrand as one of those who are born to direct and subjugate the wills of ordinary men. Such a contest he achieved over him on whose brows the triple crown was then impending. An election made beyond the precincts of the Holy City, and at the bidding of a secular power, was regarded by the austere monk as a profane title to the seat once occupied by the Prince of the Apostles. At his instance, Bruno laid aside the vestments, the insignia, and the titles of the pontificate; and, pursuing his way in the humble garb of a pilgrim to the tomb of Peter, entered Rome with bare feet, and a lowly aspect, and with no attendant (or none discernible by human sense) except the adviser of this politic self-abasement. To Bruno himself indeed was revealed the presence of an angelic choir, who chanted in celestial harmonies the return of peace to the long-afflicted people of Christ. Acclamations less seraphic, but of less doubtful reality, from the Roman clergy and populace, rewarded this acknowledgment of their electoral privileges, and conferred on Leo the Ninth (as he was thenceforth designated) a new, and, as he judged, a better title to the supreme government of the church. The reward of this service was prompt and munificent. Hildebrand was raised to the rank of a cardinal, and received the offices of sub-deacon of Rome, and superintendent of the church and convent of St. Paul.

Not less assiduous to soothe, than they had been daring to provoke, the resentment of the emperor, the pope became once more a courtier and a pilgrim, while the cardinal remained in Rome to govern the city and the church. Thrice Bruno visited the German court, bringing with

him papal benedictions to Henry, and papal censures on Henry's rebellious vassals. So grateful and so effective was the aid thus rendered to the monarch, that on his last return to Italy, Leo was permitted to conduct thither a body of Imperial troops, to expel the Norman invaders of the papal territory. At Civitella, however, the axes of Humphrey and Robert, brothers of William of the Iron-hand, prevailed over the sword and the anathemas of Peter. Whether Hildebrand bore a lance in that bloody field, is debated by his biographers. But no one disputes that he more than divided the fruits of it with the conquerors. To them were conceded the three great fiefs of Calabria, Apulia, and Sicily—to the Holy See the suzerainty over them. Humiliated and broken-hearted by his defeat, Bruno pined away and died. Strong in this new feudal dominion, and in the allegiance of these warlike vassals, Hildebrand directed his prescient gaze to the distant conflicts and the coming glories in which they were to minister to him. The auspicious hour was not yet come. His self-command tranquilly abided the approach of it.

Gebhard, Bishop of Eichstadt, enjoyed the unbounded confidence and affection of Henry. He had ever lent the weight of his personal advice, and the sanction of his episcopal authority, to sustain his friend and master in his opposition to papal encroachments. Yet Gebhard was selected by the discerning cardinal, as of all men the best qualified to succeed to the vacant papacy. Presenting himself in the emperor's presence, Hildebrand implored his acquiescence in a choice in which he must perceive (such was the language of the cardinal) that his feelings, his interests, and his honor, had all been anxiously consulted. The thoughtful German detected the net spread for him by the wily Italian. He struggled to avoid it, but in vain. He suggested many other candidates. To each Hildebrand had some conclusive objection. He urged that, by the favor and the testimony of Henry himself, Gebhard, and he alone, had been raised to an eminence unassailable by reproach, and beyond the reach of suspicion. Importuned and flattered, his affections moved but his understanding unconvinced, the emperor at length yielded. If our own second Henry had studied this passage of history, the darkest page of his own had perhaps never been written.

Gebhard became pope, assumed the title of Victor the Second, adopted, even to exaggeration, the anti-imperial principles of Hildebrand, and rewarded his services by a commission to act as his legate *a latere* in the kingdom of France. By Victor, this high employment was probably designed as an honorable exile for a patron to whom he had contracted so oppressive a debt of gratitude. But the new legate was not a man on whom any dignity could fall as a mere unfruitful embellishment. He cited before him the bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries, subjected to his legantine power, and preferred against the whole body one comprehensive charge of simony. Of the accused, one alone stoutly maintained his innocence. "Believest thou," exclaimed the judge, "that there are three persons of one substance?" "I do." "Then repeat the doxology." The task was successfully accomplished, until the prelate reached the name of him whose gifts Simon Magus had desired to purchase. That name he could not utter. The culprit cast himself at the legate's feet, confessed his guilt, and was deposed. More than eighty of

his bretheren immediately made the same acknowledgment. The rumor spread on every side, that the papal emissary was gifted with a preternatural skill to discern the presence in the human heart of any thoughts of Satanic origin. Popular applause followed the steps of the stern disciplinarian, and the wonder of the ignorant was soon rivalled by the admiration of the learned and the great. Such was the fame of his wisdom, that the claim of Ferdinand of Castile to bear the imperial title, was referred to his legantine arbitrement by the Spanish and the German sovereigns. He awarded that exclusive privilege to Henry and to his heirs. Ill had Henry divined the future. Rashly had he consented to hold the honors of his crown by the judicial sentence of a man, who, within twenty years, was to pluck that crown with every mark of infamy from the brows of his only son and successor.

When that son ascended the throne of his progenitors, and assumed the kingly title of Henry the Fourth, he was yet a child. Agnes, his widowed mother, became the regent of his dominions, and Victor the guardian of his person. But the pope soon followed the deceased emperor to the grave, and another papal election placed Frederick of Lorraine on the apostolic throne. In appearance, the choice was the undesigned and hasty result of a mere popular tumult. In reality, it was effected by the influence, as it promoted the designs, of Hildebrand.

Frederick was the brother of Godfrey, who, in right of his wife Beatrice, and during the minority of her daughter Matilda, exercised the authority and enjoyed the title of Duke of Tuscany. This promotion cemented the alliance between the Holy See and the most powerful of the Italian states, by which the northern frontier of the papal territories might be either defended or assailed. Nor were the clamor and confusion which attended it, really unpremeditated. For so flagrant a disregard of the rights of the infant emperor, some excuse was necessary, and none more specious could be found than that which was afforded by the turbulence of popular enthusiasm. By what informing spirit the rude mass had been agitated, was sufficiently disclosed by the first act of the new pontiff. He had scarcely assumed the title of Stephen the Ninth, before he conferred on Hildebrand the dignities of Cardinal-Archdeacon of Rome, and of Legate at the Imperial court.

After a reign of eight months, Stephen, conscious of the approach of death, left to the Romans his last injunction to postpone the choice of his successor, until the return from Germany of this great dispenser of ecclesiastical promotions. The command was obeyed. The cardinal-archdeacon reappeared, bringing with him the consent of the empress-regent to the choice of Gerard, Bishop of Florence, another adherent of the ducal house of Tuscany. He accordingly ascended the chair of St. Peter. Like each of his three immediate predecessors, he sat there at the nomination of Hildebrand—the one great minister of his reign, and director of his measures. At his instance, Nicholas the Second (so was he now called) summoned a council at which was first effected, in the year 1059, a revolution, the principle of which, at the distance of eight centuries, still flourishes in unimpaired vitality. It, for the first time, conferred on the college of cardinals the exclusive right of voting at papal elections. It set aside not only the acknowledged rights of the emperor to con-

firm, but the still more ancient privilege of the Roman clergy and people to nominate their bishop. But Hildebrand was now strong enough in his Norman alliance, to defy a power before which so many churchmen had trembled. At his summons, Robert Guiscard broke down the fortresses of the Roman counts and barons, who, with their retainers, had been accustomed, in the comitia of papal Rome, to rival the exploits of Clodius and his gladiators. Their authority was arrested forever, and from that period their name ceases to appear in the history of pontifical elections. The title of duke and a recognition of his sovereignty, over all the conquests which he had made, or should ever make, rewarded the obedience of the Norman freebooter.

This service rendered to the cause of sacerdotal independence, Nicholas died. It was a cause which, however much advanced by the profound sagacity and promptitude of Hildebrand, could, as he well knew, triumph over the hostility of its powerful antagonists by no means less hazardous or less costly than that of open and protracted war. During the minority of Henry such a conflict could hardly be commenced, still less brought to a decisive issue. The rights of the royal child derived from his very weakness a sanctity in the hearts, and a safeguard in the arms, of his loyal German subjects. The time of mortal struggle was not yet come. The aspiring cardinal judged that by again resigning to another the nominal conduct, he could best secure to himself the real guidance, of the impending controversy.

To obtain from the empress-regent an assent to the observance by the Sacred College of the new electoral law, was the first object of the conclave which assembled after the death of Nicholas at the command of Hildebrand. At his instance an envoy was dispatched to the Imperial court, with the offer that the choice should fall on any ecclesiastic whom Agnes might nominate, if she would consent that the cardinals alone should appear and vote at the ceremonial. The compromise was indignantly rejected. A synod of imperialist prelates was convened at Basil, and by them Cadolous, Bishop of Parma, (the titular Honorius the Second,) was elevated to the vacant Papacy. To this defiance the cardinal-archdeacon, and his brethren, answered by the choice of Anslem, Bishop of Lucca, afterwards known in history as Alexander, the second of that name. After a brief but sanguinary conflict in the open field, each of the rival popes, at the mediation of Godfrey, retired to his diocese, there to await the judgment of a future council on their pretensions. But Alexander did not quit the city until he had acknowledged and rewarded the services of the head and leader of his cause. Hildebrand now received the office of Chancellor of the Holy See, the best and the highest recompense which he could earn, by raising others to supreme ecclesiastical dominion. Two successive councils confirmed the election of Alexander, who continued during twelve years to rule the church with dignity, if not in peace.

The time had at length arrived when Hildebrand was to receive the high and hazardous reward which his unflinching hopes had so long contemplated, and his self-controlling policy so often declined. Leo, Victor, Stephen, Nicholas, and Alexander, had each been indebted to his authority for the pontificate, and to his councils for the policy with which it had been administered. Successively cardinal, deacon, archdeacon, legate, and

chancellor of the apostolic see, one height alone was yet to be scaled. In the great church of the Lateran the corpse of Alexander was extended on the bier. A solemn requiem commended to the Supreme Judge the soul of the departed, when the plaintive strain was broken by a shout, which, rising as it seemed spontaneously and without concert from every part of the crowded edifice, proclaimed that, by the will of the holy Peter himself, the cardinal-chancellor was pope. From the funeral procession Hildebrand flew to the pulpit. With impassioned gestures, and in a voice inaudible amidst the uproar, he seemed to be imploring silence; but the tempest was not to be allayed until one of the cardinals announced, in the name of the Sacred College, their unanimous election of him whom the apostle and the multitude had thus simultaneously chosen. Crowned with the tiara, and arrayed in the gorgeous robes of a pope-elect, Gregory the Seventh was then presented to the people. Their joyous exultation, and the pomp of the inaugural ceremonies, blended and contrasted strangely with the studied gloom and the melancholy dirge of the funeral rites.

That this electoral drama was a mere improvisation, may be credited by those before whose faith all the mountains of improbability give way. But thus to reach the summit of sacerdotal dominion as if by constraint; and thus, without forfeiting the praise of severe sanctity, to obtain the highest of this world's dignities; and thus to anticipate and defeat the too probable resistance of the imperial court; and thus to afford the cardinals the opportunity and the excuse for the prompt exercise of their yet precarious electoral privilege—was a combination and a coincidence of felicities such as fortune, unaided by policy, seldom, if ever, bestows even on her choicest favorites. He who had nominated five popes, was, assuredly, no passive instrument in his own nomination. His letters, written on the occasion, would alone be sufficient to prove, if proof were wanting, that a career thus far guided by the most profound sagacity, was not abandoned at its crisis to the caprice of a dissolute multitude. To several of his correspondents he addressed pathetic descriptions of his alarm and sorrow, but with an uniformity of terms so remarkable as to suggest the belief, that the elegiac strain was repeated as often as necessary by his secretaries, with such variations as their taste suggested. To the emperor he breathed nothing but submission and humility. The most unimpeachable decorum presided over the whole ceremonial that followed. Envoys passed and re-passed. Men of grave aspect instituted tedious inquiries. Solemn notaries attested prolix reports; and in due time the world was informed, that of his grace and clemency Henry, king of Germany and Italy, calling himself emperor, had ratified the election of his dearly-beloved father, Gregory the Seventh; the world, meanwhile, well knowing that despite the emperor's hostility, the pope was able and resolved to maintain his own; and that, if his power had seconded his will, the emperor would have driven the pope from Rome, as the most dangerous of rebels and the most subtle of usurpers.

But Henry was ill prepared for such an effort. During the first six years of his reign, the affairs of his vast hereditary empire had been conducted by his widowed mother. She was formed to love, to reverence, and to obey. In an age less rude, or in a station less exalted, her much long-

suffering, her self-sustaining dignity, and the tenderness of her gentle spirit, might have enabled her to win even obedience. But her mind was ductile, her conscience enfeebled by a morbid sensibility, and her character formed by nature and by habit for subservience to any form of superstitious terror. She was surrounded by rapacious nobles whom no sacrifices could conciliate, and by lordly churchmen, who at once exacted and betrayed her confidence. Though severely virtuous, she was assailed by shameless calumnies. Her female rule was resented by the pride of Teutonic chivalry, and fraud and violence combined to inflict the deepest wound on her rights as a sovereign, and her feelings as a mother.

At Kaiserworth, on the Rhine, Agnes and her son, then in his thirteenth year, were reposing from the fatigues of an imperial progress. A galley, impelled by long lines of oars, and embellished with every ornament which art and luxury could command, appeared on the broad stream before them. Attended by a train of lords and servants, Anno, the Archbishop of Cologne, descended from the gallant barge, and pressed the royal youth to inspect so superb a specimen of aquatic architecture and episcopal magnificence. Henry gladly complied, and, as the rowers bent to their oars, he enjoyed with boyish delight the rapidity with which one object after another receded from his view, till, turning to the companions of what had hitherto seemed a mere holiday voyage, he read in the anxious countenances of the commanders, and the vehement efforts of the boatmen, that he was a prisoner, and more than ever an orphan. With characteristic decision, he at once plunged into the water, and endeavored to swim to shore; but the toils were upon him. A confederacy, formed by the Archbishops of Cologne, and Mentz, and supported by the Dukes of Bavaria and Tuscany, consigned their young sovereign to a captivity at once sumptuous and debilitating. They usurped the powers, and plundered the treasures of the crown. They bestowed on themselves and their adherents forests, manors, abbeys, and lordships. But to the future ruler of so many nations, they denied the discipline befitting his age, and the instruction due to his high prospects. They encouraged him, and with fatal success, to enervate by ceaseless amusement, and to debase by precocious debauchery, a mind naturally brave and generous. Anno has been canonized by the see of Rome. By the same ghostly tribunal, the monarch whom he kidnapped, betrayed, and corrupted, was excluded from the communion of the church when living, and from her consecrated soil when dead. Impartial history will reverse either sentence, and will reserve her anathemas rather for St. Anno, by whom the princely boy was exposed to the furnace of temptation, than for him in whose young mind the seeds of vice, so unsparingly sown, sprung up with such deadly luxuriance.

The heart of youth was never won by habitual indulgence. As Henry advanced towards manhood, the Archbishops of Cologne and Mentz discovered that they were the objects of his settled antipathy, and that they had to dread the full weight of a resentment at once just, vindictive, and unscrupulous. To avert that danger they transferred the charge of the royal youth to Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen, rightly judging that his skill in courtly arts (for he had lived on affectionate terms with the deceased emperor) might

enable him to win his pupil's regard, but erroneously believing that his ecclesiastical zeal (for it seemed the master-passion of his soul) would induce him to employ that advantage in the defence and service of the hierarchy.

Adalbert, whose life is written in the church history of Adam of Bremen, was a man whose character was so strangely composite, and whose purposes were so immutably single, that he might have suggested portraits to Scott, epigrams to Young, antitheses to Pope, an analysis to Dryden, or to Shakspeare himself some rich and all-reconciling harmony. According to the aspect in which he was viewed, he might with equal justice be regarded as a saint or a man of pleasure, as a scholar or a courtier, as a politician or a wit. Now washing the feet of beggars, eloquently expounding Christian truth, or indignantly denouncing the sins of the rich and the great, the shifting scene exhibited him amidst a throng of actors, jugglers, and buffoons, or as the soul and centre of a society where lords and ambassadors, prelates and priests of low degree, met to enjoy his good cheer, to partake of his merriment, and to endure his relentless sarcasms. At the very moment when, with irresistible address, he was insinuating himself into the favor of some potent count or bishop, the approach of another dignity would rouse him to bitter and unmeasured invective. From the laughing playfellow of his companions he would pass at once into their fierce assailant, and then atone for the extravagance of his passion by a bounty not less extravagant. But whether he preached or gave alms, whether philosophy, or fun, or satire, was his passing whim, he still enjoyed one luxury which habit had rendered indispensable. Parasites were ever at hand to confirm his own conviction, that Adalbert of Bremen was an universal genius, and that, under his fostering care, the see of Bremen was destined to become the northern capital of the universal church.

Nor was it strange that he believed them. Of the countless victims of self-idolatry, few have had so many seductions to that intoxicating worship. A military as well as an ecclesiastical prince, he witnessed the extension of his archiepiscopal dominion far along the shores of the Elbe and the Baltic. Kings solicited his personal friendship. Sweden and the empire accepted him as the mediator of peace. Envoys from every state in Europe, not excepting Constantinople, thronged his palace. He was at once the confidential adviser of the pope and the chief minister of the emperor, and even boasted (with whatever truth) that he had declined the papacy itself. But this earlier Wolsey, like his great antitype, longed for some imperishable monument of his glory. Bremen was the Ipswich of Adalbert; the site selected, but in vain, for perpetuating to the remotest ages the memory of an ambition less ennobled by the greatness of its aims, than debased by an insatiable vanity. To aggrandize his diocese, he builded and fortified, negotiated and intrigued, became by turns a suitor and an oppressor, conciliated attachments and braved enmities, and lived and died the imaginary patriarch of the imaginary patriarchate of the German and Scandinavian nations.

Brightly dawned on the young Henry the day which transferred the change of his person and of his education from the austere Anno to the princely Adalbert. The Archbishop of Cologne had rebuked the vices he indulged. The conscience of the Archbishop of Bremen demanded no

such soothing compromise. He fairly threw the reins on the neck of his royal charge, who invoked the aid of young and profligate companions to use or to abuse this welcome indulgence. His tutors had sown the wind; his people were now to reap the whirlwind. Of the domestic life of the young emperor, the dark tale recorded by the chroniclers of his age would not be endured by the delicacy of our own. His public acts might seem to have been prompted by the determination to exasperate to madness the national pride, the moral sense, and the religious feelings of his subjects. Yet even when thus provoked, their resentment slumbered. A popular address, a noble presence, and the indulgence so liberally yielded to the excesses of the great, the prosperous, and the young, gave scope for the full expansion of his crimes and follies. At the Lateran the influence of his personal qualities was unfelt. Roused to a just indignation by the frequent intelligence of a life so debauched, and of a reign so impious, Alexander cited the emperor to appear at Rome, there to answer in person to the apostolic throne for the simony and the other offences imputed to him. The voice was Alexander's voice, but the hand was the hand of Gregory.

Between the day on which Hildebrand conducted Leo the Ninth into Rome as a simple pilgrim, to the time of his own tumultuary election, the quarter of a century had intervened. During the whole of that period he had been the confidential minister and guide of the Papacy. In each of the five pontificates which he had nominally served and really governed, the holy see had pursued the same aggressive policy with a steadfastness indicating the guidance of one far-seeing mind gifted with patience to await, with promptitude to discern, and with courage to seize the moments of successful advance. When, therefore, the citation of Henry was issued in the name of the dying pope, none doubted that this audacious act, then without a parallel in history, had been dictated by the same stern and unrelenting councillor. When tidings reached the imperial court that the voice of the people and the votes of the cardinals had placed in Gregory's hands the mysterious keys and the sharp sword of Peter, none doubted the near approach of the conflict which was to assign the supreme dominion over the Christian world, either to the German sceptre, or to the Roman crossier. That, after ages of war and controversy, they should peacefully exercise a concurrent yet divided rule, would have seemed an idle dream to a generation whose feudal theory of government had for its basis the principle of various gradations of dependency on some one common head, or suzerain.

With a life unstained by any sensual or malignant crime, (a praise of which his contemporary and rancorous biographer, Cardinal Benno, is the reluctant and unconscious witness,) and self-acquitted of any selfish ends, (for except as the champion of the church he neither obtained nor sought any personal aggrandizement,) Pope Hildebrand surrendered himself freely to the current of those awful thoughts which have peopled the brain of each of the successors of Peter in his turn, the basest and the most impure scarcely excepted. A mystery to himself, he had become the supreme vicar of Christ on earth; the predestined heir of a throne among those saints who should one day judge the world; the mortal head of an immortal dynasty; the depository of power delegated yet

divine; the viceroy to whom had been entrusted by God himself the care of interests, and the dispensation of blessings and of curses, which reduced to inappreciable vanities all the good and evil of this transitory world. Resolute as he was, he appears to have trembled at the contrast between the weakness of his human nature and the weight of these majestic responsibilities. With the abbots of Clugni and of Monte Cassino he maintained a relation, as much resembling friendship as was compatible with the austerity of his nature and his habits; and to them he depicted the secret tumults of his mind, in terms of which it would be impossible to deny either the sincerity or the eloquence.

Before his prophetic eye arose a vast theocratic state, in which political and religious society were to be harmonized, or absorbed into each other. At the head of this all-embracing polity, the Bishop of Rome was to assert his legitimate authority over all the kings and rulers of the earth. In immediate dependence on him was to be ranged the circle of his liege spiritual lords—some residing at the seat of empire as electors, councillors, and ministers to the supreme potentate; others presiding over the fraternities, the provinces, and the sees of which his empire was composed. At the capital of this hierarchal state were to be exercised the various powers of government—legislative, administrative, and judicial. There also were to be held the occasional meetings of the extraordinary or ecumenical legislature. To the infallible sovereign of this new Jerusalem were to be assigned prerogatives limited only by his own conscience, and restrained by no power but that of God himself. To the emperor, the kings, the dukes, and counts, his feudatories, was to be entrusted a ministry subordinate and auxiliary to his. They were to maintain order, to command armies, to collect revenues, to dispense justice. But they were to hold their crowns or coronets at the pleasure of the autocrat; to justify to him the use of their inferior authority, and to employ it in support of that power, which, derived from heaven itself, could acknowledge no superior, equal, or competitor on earth. But woe—such woe as vengeance, almighty and unrelenting, could inflict—on him who should impiously wield the pontifical sceptre, in the name of Christ, in any spirit, or for any ends, not in accordance with these awful purposes which once made Christ himself a sojourner among men! Heathen Rome had been raised up to conquer and to civilize. To Christian Rome was appointed a far loftier destiny. It was hers to mediate between hostile nations, to reconcile sovereigns and their people—to superintend the policy, restrain the ambition, redress the injustice, and punish the crimes of princes—to render the apostolic throne the source and centre of an holy influence, which, diffused through every member of the social body, should inform, and animate, and amalgamate the whole, and realize the inspired delineation of that yet unborn age, when the lion and the lamb should lie down together, with a little child their leader.

Sublime as were the visions which thus thronged on the soul of Gregory the Seventh, and which still shed a glowing light over his three hundred and fifty extant letters, life was never, for a single day, a state of mere visionary existence to him. Before him lay the impending struggle with Henry, with Honorius, with the ecclesiastics of

Lombardy, with the German people, whose loyalty had so long survived the sorest provocation, and with many even of the German prelates, who ascribed to the successor of Charlemagne and of Otho the same rights which these great monarchs had exercised over the Pontiffs of an earlier generation. Nor was he unconscious that the way for his theocracy must be paved by reforms, so searching as to convert into inexorable antagonists many of those on whose attachment to his person and his laws he might otherwise have most implicitly relied.

Yet it was with no faint auguries of success that he girded himself for the battle. His Norman feudatories to the south, his Tuscan alliance to the north, promised security to the papal city. Disaffection was widely spread among the commonalty of the empire. The Saxons were on the verge of revolt. The Dukes of Swabia, Carinthia, and Bavaria, were brooding over insufferable wrongs. From the young and debauched emperor, it seemed idle to dread any resolved or formidable hostility. From the other powers of Europe, Henry could expect no succor. From every region of Christendom a voice, addressed and audible to the supreme pontiff, invoked a remedy for the traffic in holy things, and for the fearful pollutions beneath which the church was groaning; and that heavenly voice promised to him, when he should have strangled those monsters of iniquity, every honor which man could confer, and every benediction which God bestows on his most favored servants. He heard, and he obeyed it.

From the most remote Christian antiquity, the marriage of clergymen had been regarded with the dislike, and their celibacy rewarded by the commendation, of the people. Among the ecclesiastical heroes of the four first centuries, it is scarcely possible to point to one who was not, in this respect, an imitator of Paul rather than of Peter. Among the ecclesiastical writers of those times, it is scarcely possible to refer to one by whom the superior sanctity of the unmarried to the conjugal state is not either directly inculcated or tacitly assumed. This prevailing sentiment had ripened into a customary law, and the observance of that custom had been enforced by edicts and menaces, by rewards and penalties. But nature had triumphed over tradition, and had proved too strong for councils and for popes.

When Hildebrand ascended the chair first occupied by a married apostle, his spirit burned within him to see that marriage held in her impure and unhallowed bonds a large proportion of those who ministered at the altar, and who handled there the very substance of the incarnate Deity. It was a profanation well adapted to arouse the jealousy, not less than to wound the conscience, of the pontiff. Secular cares suited ill with the stern duties of a theocratic ministry. Domestic affections would choke or enervate in them that corporate passion which might otherwise be directed with unmitigated ardor towards their chief and centre. Clerical celibacy would exhibit to those who trod the outer courts of the great Christian temple, the impressive and subjugating image of a transcendental perfection, too pure not only for the coarser delights of sense, but even for the alloy of conjugal or parental love. It would fill the world with adherents of Rome, in whom every feeling would be quenched which could rival that sacred allegiance. From every monas-

tery might be summoned a phalanx of allies to overpower the more numerous, but dispersed and feeble antagonists of such an innovation. In every mitred churchman it would find an active partisan. The people, ever rigid in exacting eminent virtue from their teachers, would be rude but effective zealots of a ghostly discipline from which they were themselves to be exempt.

With such anticipations, Gregory, within a few weeks from his accession, convened a council at the Lateran, and proposed a law, not, as formerly, forbidding merely the marriage of priests, but commanding every priest to put away his wife, and requiring all laymen to abstain from any sacred office which any wedded priest might presume to celebrate. Never was legislative foresight so verified by the result. What the great Council of Nicæa had attempted in vain, the bishops assembled in the presence of Hildebrand accomplished, at his instance, at once, effectually, and forever. Lamentable indeed were the complaints, bitter the reproaches, of the sufferers. Were the most sacred ties thus to be torn asunder at the ruthless bidding of an Italian priest? Were men to become angels, or were angels to be brought down from heaven to minister among men? Eloquence was never more pathetic, more just, or more unavailing. Prelate after prelate silenced these complaints by austere rebukes. Legate after legate arrived with papal menaces to the remonstrants. Monks and abbots preached the continency they at least professed. Kings and barons laughed over their cups at many a merry tale of compulsory divorce. Mobs pelted, hooted, and besmeared with profane and filthy baptisms the unhappy victims of pontifical rigor. It was a struggle not to be prolonged—broken hearts pined and died away in silence. Expostulations subsided into murmurs, and murmurs were drowned in the general shout of victory. Eight hundred years have since passed away. Amidst the wreck of laws, opinions, and institutions, this decree of Hildebrand's still rules the Latin Church, in every land where sacrifices are offered on her altars. Among us, but not of us—valuing their rights as citizens, chiefly as instrumental to their powers as churchmen—ministers of love, to whom the heart of a husband and a father is an inscrutable mystery—teachers of duties, the most sacred of which they may not practise—compelled daily to gaze on the most polluted imagery of man's fallen heart, but denied the refuge of nature from a polluted imagination—professors of virtue, of which, from the death of the righteous Abel down to the birth of the fervent Peter, no solitary example is recorded in Holy Writ—excluded from that posthumous life in remote descendants, the devout anticipation of which enabled the patriarchs to walk meekly, but exultingly with their God—sacerdotal caste still flourishes in every Christian land, the imperishable and gloomy monument of that far-sighted genius which thus devised the means of papal despotism, and of that short-sighted wisdom which proposed to itself that despotism as a legitimate and laudable end.

With this Spartan rigor towards his adherents, Gregory combined a more than Athenian address and audacity towards his rivals and antagonists. So long as the monarchs of the West might freely bestow on the objects of their choice the sees and abbays of their states, papal dominion could be but a passing dream, and papal independence an empty boast. Corrupt motives usu-

ally determined that choice; and the objects of it were but seldom worthy. Ecclesiastical dignities were often sold to the highest bidder, and then the purchaser indemnified himself by a use no less mercenary of his own patronage; or they were given as a reward to some martial retainer, and the new churchman could not forget that he had once been a soldier. The cope and the coat-of-mail were worn alternately. The same hand bore the crucifix in the holy festival, and the sword in the day of battle. Episcopal warriors and abbatial courtiers thus learned to regard themselves rather as feudatories holding of their temporal lord, than as liegemen owing obedience to their spiritual chief. In the hands of the newly consecrated bishop was placed a staff, and on his finger a ring, which, received as they were from his temporal sovereign, proclaimed that homage and fealty were due to him alone. And thus the sacerdotal proconsuls of Rome became, in sentiment at least, and by the powerful obligation of honor, the vicegerents, not of the Pontifex Maximus, but of the Imperator.

To dissolve this *trinoda necessitas* of simoniacal preferments, military service, and feudal vassalage, a feebleness of spirit would have exhorted, negotiated, and compromised. To Gregory it belonged to subdue men by courage, and to rule them by reverence. Addressing the world in the language of his generation, he proclaimed to every potentate, from the Baltic to the Straits of Calpé, that all human authority being holden of the divine, and God himself having delegated his own sovereignty over men to the Prince of the Sacred College, a divine right to universal obedience was the inalienable attribute of the Roman pontiffs, of whom, as the supreme earthly sovereign, emperors and kings held their crowns, patriarchs and bishops their mitres, and held them not mediately through each other, but immediately as tenants *in capite* from the one legitimate representative of the great apostle.

In turning over the collection of the epistles of Hildebrand, we are everywhere met by this doctrine asserted in a tone of the calmest dignity and the most serene conviction. Thus he informs the French monarch that every house in his kingdom owed to Peter, as their father and pastor, an annual tribute of a penny, and he commands his legates to collect it in token of the subjection of France to the Holy See. He assures Solomon the King of Hungary, that his territories are the property of the Holy Roman Church. Solomon being incredulous and refractory, was dethroned by his competitor for the Hungarian crown. His more prudent successor, Ladislaus, acknowledged himself the vassal of the pope, and paid him tribute. To Corsica a legate is sent to govern the demesnes of the Papacy in the island, and to recover the rest of it from the Saracens. To the Sardinians an account is despatched of her title to their obedience, with menaces of a Norman invasion if it should be withheld. On Demetrius, Duke of Dalmatia, we find him conferring the kingly title, reserving a yearly payment of two hundred pieces of silver "to the holy Pope Gregory, and his successors lawfully elected, as supreme lords of the Dalmatian kingdom." Among the visitors of Rome was a youth described in one of these epistles as son of the King of Russia. The letter informs the sovereign so designated, that, at the request of the young prince, the pontiff had administered to him the oath of fealty to St.

Peter and his successors, not doubting that "it would be approved by the king and all the lords of his kingdom, since the apostle would henceforth regard their country as his own, and defend it accordingly." From Sweno the Dane he exacted a promise of subjection. From the recently converted Polanders he demanded, and received, as sovereign lord of the country, an annual tribute of an hundred marks in silver. From every part of the European continent, bishops are summoned by these imperial missives to Rome, and there are either condemned and deposed, or absolved and confirmed in their sees. In France, in Spain, and in Germany, we find his legates exercising the same power; and the correspondence records many a stern rebuke, sometimes for their undue remissness, sometimes for their misapplied severity. The rescripts of Trajan scarcely exhibit a firmer assurance both of the right and the power to control every other authority, whether secular or sacerdotal, throughout the civilized world.

There was, however, one memorable exception. Robert the Norman conqueror of Sicily, and William the Norman conqueror of England, steeped in blood and sacrilege, were the most shameless and cruel of usurpers. The groans and curses of the oppressed cried aloud for vengeance against them. But the apostolic indignation, though roused by the active vices of the emperor, and the apathetic depravity of Philip of France, had for these tyrants no menaces of ghostly wrath, no exhortations to repentance. Robert was embraced and honored as the faithful ally of Rome. William was addressed in the blandest accents of esteem and tenderness. "You exhibit towards us" (such is the style) "the attachment of a dutiful son, yea, of a son whose heart is moved by the love of his mother. Therefore, my beloved son, let your conduct be all that your language has been. Let what you have promised be effectually performed." The injunction was not disobeyed, for even of promises the grim conqueror of the north had been sufficiently parsimonious. As Duke of Normandy he remitted to the pope the amount of certain dues. As King of England he indignantly refused the required oath of fealty. "I hold my kingdom of God and of my sword," was his stern and decisive answer. Something the papal legate dared to mutter of the worthlessness of gold without obedience; but the gold was accepted and the disobedience endured. These were not the days of John, surnamed Lackland; and for Innocent the Third was reserved by his great predecessor the glory of receiving, from an English sovereign on his bended knee, the crown which, on the head of William, challenged equal honors with the papal tiara. For concessions favorable to his hopes of unlimited dominion, the pontiff turned to a sovereign whose crimes no triumphs had sanctified, and no heroism redeemed.

Alexander's citation had been despised by Henry, and was not revived by Hildebrand. Every post from Germany brought fresh proof that, without the use of weapons so hazardous, the emperor must, ere long, be reduced to solicit the aid of Rome on such terms as Rome might see fit to dictate. Dark as were the middle ages, the German court had light enough (if we may credit the chronicles) to anticipate our own enlightened Irish policy. The ancient chiefs of Saxony were imprisoned, their estates confiscated, and granted to absent lords and prelates. Tithe proctors hov-

ered like birds of prey over the Saxon fields. A project was formed for driving the ancient inhabitants into a Saxon pale, and for converting the land into a great Swabian colony. Castles frowned on every height. Their garrisons pillaged and enslaved the helpless people. Alliances were formed with the Bavarian and the Dane to crush a race hated for their former preëminence, and despised for their recent sufferings. Nothing was wanting to complete the parallel but discord and dejection amongst the intended victims.

Groaning under the oppressions, and penetrating the designs of their sovereign, the Saxons solicited for their leaders an audience at Goslar. The appointed day arrived. The deputies presented themselves at the palace. Henry was engaged at a game of hazard, and bade them wait till he had played it out. A stern and indignant demand for justice repelled the insult. A second time, in all the insolence of youth, Henry returned a contemptuous answer. In a few hours he found himself blockaded at his castle of Hartzburg by a vast assemblage of armed men, under the command of Otho of Nordhim, the Tell or Hofer of his native land.

Escaping with difficulty, the emperor traversed Western Germany to collect forces for crushing the Saxon insurgents. But the spell of his Imperial name and of his noble presence were broken. The crimes of a defeated fugitive were unpardonable. His allies made common cause with the Saxons, whom they had so lately leagued to destroy. Long repressed resentment burst out in the grossest indignities against the recreant sovereign. Unworthy to wear his spurs or his crown, (so ran the popular arraignment,) he descended at a step from the summit of human greatness almost to the condition of an outcast from human society. A Diet had been summoned for his deposition. His sceptre had been offered to Rudolf of Swabia. A few days more, and his crown, if not his life, had been forfeited, when an opportune illness and a rumor of his death awakened the dormant feelings of reverence and compassion. Haggard from disease, abject in appearance, destitute, deserted, and unhappy, he presented himself to the citizens of Worms. The ebbing tide of loyalty rushed violently back into its wonted channels. Shouts of welcome ran along the walls. Every house-top rang with acclamations. Women wept over his wrongs. Men-at-arms devoted their lives, rich burghers their purses, to his cause. The Diet was dissolved. Rudolf fled, and it remained for Henry to practise, on his recovered throne, the lessons he had learned in the school of adversity.

Those lessons had been unfolded and enforced by the parental admonitions of Gregory. The royal penitent answered by promises of amendment, "full" (as the pope declared) "of sweetness and of duty." Nor was this a mere lip homage. To prove his sincerity, he abandoned to the pope the government of the great see and city of Milan, the strongest hold of the Imperialists in Italy. A single desire engrossed the heart of Henry. No sacrifice seemed too costly which might enable him to inflict an overwhelming vengeance on the Saxon people; no price excessive by which he could purchase the aid, or at least the neutrality, of Hildebrand in the impending struggle. The concessions were accepted by the pope, the motive understood, and the equivalent rendered. With gracious words to the emperor

and to Rudolf, with pacific councils and vague promises to the Saxons, the pope retired from all further intervention in a strife of which it remained for him to watch the issue and to reap the advantage.

It was in the depth of a severe winter that Henry, hoping to surprise the insurgents, marched from Worms at the head of forces furnished by the wealth and zeal of that faithful city. Drifts of snow obstructed his advance. The frozen streams could no longer turn the mills on which he depended for subsistence. Meteors blazed in the skies, and the dispirited soldiers trembled at such accumulated omens of disaster. In that anxious host, one bosom only was heedless of danger, and unconscious of suffering. He, who had hitherto been known only as a profligate and luxurious youth, now urged on his followers through cold, disease, and famine, to the Saxon frontier. But there Otho awaited him at the head of a large and well-disciplined army. The Imperialists declined the unequal encounter. Again Henry was reduced to capitulate. Humbled a second time before his subjects, he bound himself to dismantle his fortresses, to withdraw his garrisons, to restore the confiscated fiefs, to confirm their ancient Saxon privileges, and to grant an amnesty unlimited and universal.

The treaty of Gerstungen (so it was called) was dictated by animosity and distrust, and was carried into execution by the conquerors in the spirit of vindictive triumph. They expelled from his residence at Goslar their dejected king and his household, and destroyed the town of Hartzburg with its royal sepulchre, where lay the bones of his infant son, and of others of his nearest kindred. The graves were broke open, and their ghastly contents exposed to shameful and inhuman contumelies—a wild revenge, and a too plausible pretext for a fearful and not distant retribution.

Henry returned to his Rhenish provinces to meditate vengeance. Reckless of any remoter danger in which the indulgence of that fierce passion might involve him, he invoked the arbitrement of Hildebrand, and called on him to excommunicate the sacrilegious race who had burned the church and desecrated the sepulchres of his forefathers. Gregory watched the gathering tempest of civil war, received the appeals of the contending parties, and answered both by renewed injunctions of obedience to himself. To the Saxons he sent homilies, to the emperor an embassy, graced by the name and the presence of his mother, Agnes. She bore a papal mandate to her son to enforce the celibacy of the clergy, and to restore to its lawful channels the patronage of the church. Henry promised obedience. The legates then convoked a national Synod, to be held in Germany under their own presidency. To this encroachment also, Henry submitted. A remonstrance against it from the Archbishop of Bremen was answered by a legatine sentence suspending him from his see. Still the emperor was passive. Another sentence of the papal ambassadors exiled from the court and presence of Henry, five of his councillors whom Alexander had excommunicated. No signal of resistance was given by their insulted sovereign. Edicts for the government of the Teutonic Church were promulgated without the usual courtesy of asking his concurrence. They provoked from him no show of resentment. Their work accomplished, the legates then returned to Rome, the messengers of successes more important

than any former pope had ventured to contemplate over the authority of the Cæsar. Applause, honors, preferments rewarded her associates; while to Agnes herself were given assurances of celestial joy, and of a distinguished place among the choristers of heaven.

Her less aspiring son fed his mind with hopes of vengeance, rendered as he thought more sure by all his concessions to the Roman Pontiff. Twice, indeed, he had recoiled ignominiously from the Saxon frontier. But from defeat itself he might draw the means of victory. By the great feudatories of the empire, the spectacle of armed peasants and wealthy burghers imposing terms of peace on the successor of Charlemagne, had been regarded with proud scorn and indignation. They resented the rising fame and influence of Otho. He and his followers might become strong enough to resume by arms the estates they had lost by confiscation. Rumors were already rife of such designs. To fan these flames, and deepen these alarms, to excite among restless chiefs and predatory bands the appetite for war and plunder, became the easy and successful labor of the impatient emperor. At Henry's summons, the whole strength of Germany collected on the Elbe to crush in his quarrel the power they had so lately aided to depose him. There were to be seen the crucifix of the Abbot of Fulda, and there the sacred banner of the Archbishop of Mentz. There Guelph, the Bavarian, raised his ducal standard to reconquer the broad lands restored to their former owners by the treaty of Gerstungen. There, surrounded by the chivalry of Lorraine, and restored by the emperor to that forfeited principality, Godfrey repaid the boon by the desertion of the alliance, conjugal as well as political, which bound him to the House of Tuscany. There appeared the King of Hungary, lured by the hope of new provinces to be assigned to him on the dismemberment of Saxony. And there, in the centre of countless pennons, came Rudolf, to prove his loyalty to the prince whose throne he had so recently endeavored to usurp.

The tide of war rolled on towards the devoted land. It had been saved, if penitence, humility, and prayer were of the same power in the courts of earth as in those of heaven. It had been saved, if courage gathered from despair, and guided by patriotism, could have availed against such a confederacy of numbers and of discipline. But prayer was vain, and patriotism impotent. A long summer's day had reached its close, when, under the command of their great leader Otho, the Saxon lines approached the Unstrut. On the opposite banks of that stream the imperialists had already encamped. Neither army was aware of the vicinity of the other, and Henry had retired to rest, when Rudolf roused him with the intelligence that the insurgent forces were at hand, unarmed, and heedless of their danger, the ready prey of a sudden and immediate attack. The emperor threw himself into a transport of gratitude at the feet of his adviser, and leaping on his horse, led forward his forces to the promised victory.

In this strange world of ours, tragedies, of which the dire plot and dark catastrophe might seem to be borrowed from hell, are not seldom depicted by historical dramatists, in colors clear and brilliant as those which may be imagined to repose over Paradise. One of the mitred combatants has sung, and Lambert, the chronicler of Aschafnaburg, has narrated, the battle of the Unstrut. The bishop's

hexameters have all the charm which usually belongs to episcopal charges. But Lambert is among the most graphic and animated of historians. His picture of the field glows with his own military ardor, and is thronged with incidents and with figures which might well be transferred to the real canvass. Among them we distinguish the ill-arranged Saxon lines broken, flying, and again forming at the voice of Otho, as it rises above the tumult, and then rushing after him with naked swords, and naked bosoms, on the main battle of the triumphant invaders. And still the eye follows Otho wherever there are fainting hearts to rally, or a fierce onslaught to repel;—and we seem almost to hear the shrill Swabian war-cry from the van of the Imperial host, where by a proud hereditary right they had claimed to stand;—and Rudolf their leader, the very minister of death, is ever in the midst of the carnage, himself, as if in covenant with the grave, unharmed;—and in the agony and crisis of the strife, Henry, the idol to whom this bloody sacrifice is offered, is seen in Lambert's battle-piece, leaping at the head of his reserve on his exhausted enemies, sweeping the whole ranks into confused masses, and amidst shrieks, and groans, and fruitless prayers, and fruitless curses, immolating them to his insatiable revenge.

The sun went down on that Aeldama amidst the exultations of the victorious allies. It rose on them the following morning agitated by grief, by discord, and by disaffection. Many nobles who had fought the day before under the imperial banner, were stretched on the field of battle. The enthusiasm of the Saxons had proved at how fearful a price, if at all, the selfish ends of the confederacy must be attained. They mourned the extinction of one of the eyes of Germany. Silently but rapidly the armament dissolved. Godfrey alone remained to prosecute the war. With his aid it was brought to a successful issue. A capitulation placed Otho and the other leaders in the emperor's power. With their persons secured, their estates forfeited, and their resources destroyed, he returned to join with the loyal citizens of Worms in chanting the "*Te Deum laudamus*." The same sacred strain had but a few days before celebrated at Rome a still more important and enduring victory.

Gregory had rightly judged, that while the rival princes were immersed in civil war, he might securely convene the princes of the church to give effect to designs of far deeper significance. The long aisles of the Lateran were crowded with grave canonists and mitred abbots, with bishops and cardinals, with the high functionaries, and the humble apparitors of the papal state. Proudly eminent above them all, sat the vicar and vicergerent of the King of kings. Masses were sung, and homilies were delivered, and rites were performed, of which the origin might be traced back to the worship of the Capitoline Jove; and then was enacted by the ecclesiastical senate, a law, not unlike the most arrogant of those which eleven centuries before had been promulgated in the capitol. It forbade the kings and rulers of the earth to exercise their ancient right of investiture of any spiritual dignitary, and transferred to the pope alone a patronage and an influence more than sufficient to balance within their own dominions all the powers of all the monarchs of Christendom. In the darkest hours of imperial despotism, the successors of Julius had never enjoyed or demanded an authority so wide or so absolute. Even the

daring spirit by which it had been dictated, drew back from the immediate publication of such a decree. The pope intimated to the German court and prelates the other acts of the council, but passed over in silence the great edict for which they had been assembled, and by which they were to be immortalized. It reposed in the papal chancery as an authority to be invoked at a more convenient season, and in the mean time as a text for the devout to revere, and for the learned to interpret. To Hildebrand it belonged neither to expound nor to threaten, but to act.

The Bishop of Lucca was dead: the pope nominated his successor. The Bishop of Bamberg was accused of simony: the pope suspended him. The Archbishop of Bremen still denied the right of papal legates to preside in a German synod: the pope deprived him of his see and of the holy sacraments. The Bishops of Pavia, Turin, and Placentia adhered to Honorius: the pope deposed them. Henry's five exiled councillors gave no signs of repentance: the pope again excommunicated them. The Normans invaded the Roman territory: the pope assailed them by a solemn anathema. Philip of France continued to indulge himself, and to pillage every one else: the pope upbraided and menaced him. Thus with maledictions, sometimes as deadly as the Pompine miasma, sometimes as innocuous as the Mediterranean breeze, he waged war with his antagonists, and exercised in reality the powers which he yet hesitated to assert in words.

To the conqueror of Saxony these encroachments and anathemas of the pontiff appeared more offensive than formidable. He retaliated rather by scorn than by active hostility. He heaped favors on his own excommunicated councillors—sent one of his chaplains to ascend the vacant throne—nominated an obscure and scandalous member of his own household for the princely mitre of Cologne, and forbade his Saxon subjects to appeal to Rome even in cases exclusively ecclesiastical. To Henry, the pontiff seemed an angry, arrogant, vituperative, old man, best to be encountered by contempt. To Gregory, the emperor appeared as the feeble and unconscious agent in a providential scheme for subjecting the secular to the spiritual dynasty. To such as could read the signs of the times, it was evident that, on either side, this contempt was misplaced, and that a long and sanguinary conflict drew near, by which the future destinies of the world would be determined.

Events hurried rapidly onward to that crisis. Complaints were preferred to the Holy See of crimes committed by Henry against the Saxon church which cried for vengeance, and of vices practised by him in private, which rendered him unfit for communion with his fellow Christians. Gregory cited the emperor to appear before him to answer these charges. The emperor, if we may believe the papal historians, answered by an attempt to assassinate the author of so presumptuous a citation.

On Christmas eve, in the year 1075, the city of Rome was visited by a dreadful tempest. Not even the full moon of Italy could penetrate the dense mass of superincumbent clouds. Darkness brooded over the land, and the trembling spectators believed that the day of final judgment was about to dawn. In this war of the elements, however, two processions were seen advancing to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. At the head of one was the aged Hildebrand, conducting a few priests to worship at the shrine of the Virgin

Deipara. The other was preceded by Cencius, a Roman noble. His followers were armed as for some desperate enterprise. At each pause in the roar of the tempest might be heard the hallelujahs of the worshippers, or the voice of the pontiff pouring out benedictions on the little flock which knelt before him—when the arm of Cencius grasped his person, and the sword of some yet more daring ruffian inflicted a wound on his forehead. Bound with cords, stripped of his sacred vestments, beaten, and subjected to the basest indignities, the venerable minister of Christ was carried to a fortified mansion within the walls of the city, again to be removed at daybreak to exile or to death. Women were there with women's sympathy and kindly offices, but they were rudely put aside, and a drawn sword was already aimed at the pontiff's bosom, when the cries of a fierce multitude threatening to burn or batter down the house, arrested the arm of the assassin. An arrow, discharged from below, reached, and slew him. The walls rocked beneath the strokes of the maddened populace, and Cencius, falling at the prisoner's feet, became himself a suppliant for pardon and for life.

In profound silence and undisturbed serenity, Hildebrand had thus far submitted to these atrocious indignities. The occasional raising of his eyes towards heaven alone indicated his consciousness of them. But to the supplication of his prostrate enemy he returned an instant and a calm assurance of forgiveness; he rescued Cencius from the exasperated besiegers, dismissed him in safety and in peace, and returned amidst the acclamations of the whole Roman people to complete the interrupted solemnities of Santa Maria Maggiore.

That Henry instigated this crime, is a charge of which no proof is extant, and to which all probabilities are opposed. But it was current at the time; and the contest thenceforward assumed all the bitterness of personal animosity. To the charges of sacrilege, impurity, and assassination, preferred against the emperor, his partisans answered by denouncing the pope himself, at a synod convened at Worms, as base-born, and as guilty of murder, simony, necromancy and devil worship, of habitual, though concealed, profligacy, and of an impious profanation of the Eucharist. Fortunately for the fame of Gregory, his enemies have written a book. Cardinal Benno, one of the most inveterate, has bequeathed to us a compendium of all those synodal invectives. The guilt of a base birth is established; for Hildebrand's father was a carpenter in the little Tuscan town of Saone. The other imputations are refuted by the evident malignity of the writer, and by the utter failure, or the wild extravagance, of his proofs.

Such, however, was not the judgment of the synod of Worms. A debate of two days' continuance, closed with an unanimous vote that Gregory the Seventh should be abjured and deposed. Henry first affixed his signature to the form of abjuration. Then each archbishop, bishop, and abbot, rising in his turn, subscribed the same fatal scroll. Scarcely was the assembly dissolved, before imperial messages were on their way to secure the concurrence of other churches, and the support of the temporal princes. On every side, but especially in Northern Italy, a fierce and sudden flame attested the long mouldering resentment of the priests whom the pope had divorced

from their wives; of the lords whose simoniacal traffic he had arrested; of the princes whose Norman invaders he had cherished; of ecclesiastics whom his haughty demeanor had incensed; of the licentious whom his discipline had revolted; and of the patriotic whom his ambition had alarmed. The abjuration of Worms was adopted with enthusiasm by another synod at Placenza. Oaths of awful significance cemented the confederacy. Acts of desperate hostility bore witness to their determination to urge the quarrel to extremities. Not a day was to be lost in intimating to Gregory that the apostolic sceptre had fallen from his hands, and that the Christian Church was once more free.

It was now the second week in Lent, in the year 1076. From his throne, beneath the sculptured roof of the Vatican, Gregory, arrayed in the rich mantle, the pall, and the other mystic vestments of pontifical dominion, looked down the far-receding aisle of the sacred edifice on the long array of ecclesiastical lords and princes, before whom "Henry, King of Germany and Italy, calling himself emperor," had been summoned to appear, not as their sovereign to receive their homage, but as a culprit to await their sentence. As he gazed on that new senate, asserting a jurisdiction so majestic—and listened to harmonies which might not unfitly have accompanied the worship of Eden—and joined in anthems which in far distant ages had been sung by blessed saints in their dark crypts, and by triumphant martyrs in their dying agonies—and inhaled the incense symbolical of the prayers offered by the Catholic church to her eternal Head—what wonder, if, under the intoxicating influence of such a scene and of such an hour, the old man believed that he was himself the apostolic rock on which her foundations were laid, and that his cause and person were sacred as the will, and invincible as the power, of heaven itself. The "Veni Creator" was on the lips of the papal choir, when Roland, as envoy from the synods of Worms and Placenza, presented himself before the assembled hierarchy of Rome. His demeanor was fierce, and his speech abrupt. "The king and the united bishops both of Germany and Italy," (such was his apostrophe to the pope,) "transmit to thee this command:—Descend without delay from the throne of St. Peter. Abandon the usurped government of the Roman Church. To such honors none must aspire without the general choice and the sanction of the emperor." Then addressing the conclave—"To you, brethren," he said, "it is commanded, that at the feast of Pentecost ye present yourselves before the king my master, to receive a pope and father from his hands. This pretended pastor is a ravenous wolf." A brief pause of mute astonishment gave way to shouts of fury. Swords were drawn, and the audacious herald was about to expiate his temerity with his blood. But Gregory descended from his throne, received from the hands of Roland the letters of the synods, and resuming his seat, read them in a clear and deliberate voice to the indignant council. Again the sacred edifice rang with a tempest of passionate invective. Again swords were drawn on Roland, and again the storm was composed by the voice of the pontiff. He spoke of prophecies fulfilled in the contumacy of the king and in the troubles of the faithful. He assured them, that victory would reward their zeal, or divine consolations soothe their defeat; but whether victory or

defeat should be their doom, the time, he said, had come when the avenging sword must be drawn to smite the enemy of God and of his church.

The speaker ceased, and turned for approbation, or at least for acquiescence, not to the enthusiastic throng of mitred or of armed adherents, but to one who, even in that eventful moment, divided with himself the gaze and the sympathy of that illustrious assemblage. For by his side, though in an inferior station, sat Agnes the empress-mother, brought there to witness and to ratify the judgment to be pronounced on her only child, whom she had borne amidst the proudest hopes, and trained for empire beneath the griefs and anxieties of widowhood. She bore or strove to bear herself as a daughter of the church, but could not forget that she was the mother of Henry, when, in all the impersonated majesty of that holy fellowship, Hildebrand, raising his eyes to heaven, with a voice echoing, amidst the breathless silence of the synod, through the remotest arches of the lofty pile, invoked the holy Peter, prince of the apostles, to hear, and "Mary the mother of God," and the blessed Paul and all the saints to bear witness, while for the honor and defence of Christ's church, in the name of the sacred Trinity, and by the power and authority of Peter, he interdicted to King Henry, son of Henry the emperor, the government of the whole realm of Germany and Italy, absolved all Christians from their oaths and allegiance to him, and bound him with the bond of anathema, "that the nations may know and acknowledge that thou art Peter, and that upon thy rock the Son of the living God hath built his church, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

When intelligence of the deposition of Henry first astounded the nations of Europe, the glories of papal Rome seemed to the multitude to have been madly staked on one most precarious issue. Men foretold that the emperor would promptly and signally punish a treason so audacious, and that the Holy See would, ere long, descend to the level of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. Nor did the wisest deem such anticipations unreasonable. They reflected that Henry was still in the very prime of life—that he possessed a force of will which habitual luxury had not impaired, and a throne in the hearts of his people which the wildest excess of vice and folly had not subverted—that he reigned over the fairest and the wealthiest portion of the continent—that he commanded numerous vassals, and could bring into the field powerful armies—that he had crushed rebellion among his subjects, and had no rival to dread among his neighbors—and that the papacy had flourished under the shelter of the imperial crown, the authority of which had been so arrogantly defied, and the fierce resentment of which was now inevitably to be encountered. But in the seeming strength of the imperial resources, there was an inherent weakness, and in the seeming weakness of the papal cause, a latent but invincible strength. Even Teutonic loyalty had been undermined by the cruelties, the faithlessness, and the tyranny of the monarch, and the doom of the oppressor was upon him. The cause of Gregory was, on the other hand, in popular estimation, the cause of sanctity and of truth, of primeval discipline and traditionary reverence, and the pope himself a martyr, who, in all the majesty of superhuman power, was resolved either to repel the spoiler

from the Christian fold, or to lay down his life for the sheep. That these high and lofty purposes really animated the soul, or kindled the imagination of him to whom they were thus ascribed, it would be presumptuous to deny. But whatever may have been his reliance on the promises of Heaven, he certainly combined with it a penetrating insight into the policy of earth. He summoned to his aid his Norman feudatories, and invoked the succor of his Tuscan allies. She who now reigned in Tuscany might be supposed to have been called into being for the single purpose of sustaining, like another Deborah or Judith, the fainting hopes of another Israel.

On the death of Boniface, Duke and Marquis of Tuscany, in 1054, his states descended to his only surviving child, who, under the title of "The Great Countess," ruled there until her own death in 1116, first in tutelage, then in conjunction with her mother Beatrice, and, during the last thirty-nine years of that long period, in her own plenary and undivided right. Though she married Godfrey of Lorraine in her youth, and Guelph of Bavaria in her more mature age, neither the wit and military genius of her first husband, nor the wisdom and dignity of his successor, could win the heart of Matilda. Her biographer has entered into an elaborate inquiry to establish the fact, that, notwithstanding her nuptial vows with two of the most accomplished princes of that age, she lived and died as in a state of celibacy. Even they who cannot concur with him in pronouncing the sacrifice sublime, will admit that it was at least opportune. While persuading the clergy to put away their wives, she herself repudiated both her husbands. The story, indeed, is not very tractable. Schools for scandal preceded, as they have survived, all the other schools of modern Italy; and whoever has read Goldasti's "Replication for the Sacred Cæsarean and Royal Majesty of the Franks," is aware that if Florence had then possessed a comic stage and an Aristophanes, he would have exhibited no less a personage than the great Hildebrand in the chains of no meaner an Aspasia than the great Countess of Tuscany. But large as is the space occupied by this charge, and by the refutation of it, in the annals of those times, it may safely be rejected as altogether incredible and absurd. At that period, the anatomists of the human heart seem not to have described, if indeed they had detected, that hieropathic affection so familiarly known among ourselves, of which the female spirit is the seat, and the ministers of religion the objects—a flame usually as pure as it is intense, and which burned as brightly in the soul of Matilda eight centuries ago, as in the most ardent of the fair bosoms which it warms and animates now. She was in truth in love, but in love with the papacy. Six aged popes successively acknowledged and rejoiced over her, at once the most zealous adherent of their cause, and the most devoted worshipper of their persons. And well might those holy fathers exult in such a conquest. Poets in their dreams have scarcely imaged, heroes in the hour of their triumph have rarely attained, so illustrious a trophy of their genius or of their valor.

The life of Matilda is told by Donnizzone, a member of her household, in three books of lamentable hexameters, and by Fiorentini, an antiquarian and genealogist of Lucca in the seventeenth century, in three other books scarcely less

wearisome; though his learning, his love of truth, and his zeal for the glory of his heroine, secure for him the respect and the sympathy of his readers. That she should have inspired no nobler eulogies than theirs, may be ascribed partly to her having lived in the times when the Boethian had subsided into the Bœotian age of Italian literature, and partly to the uninviting nature of the ecclesiastical feuds and alliances in which her days were consumed. Otherwise, neither Zenobia, nor Isabella, nor Elizabeth, had a fairer claim to inspire and to live in immortal verse. Not even her sonolent chaplain, as he beat out his Latin doggerel, could avoid giving utterance to the delight with which her delicate features, beaming with habitual gaiety, had inspired him. Not even her severe confessor, Saint Anselm of Lucca, could record without astonishment, how her feeble frame sustained all the burdens of civil government, and all the fatigues of actual war; burdens indeed, which but for a series of miraculous cures wrought for her at her own intercession, she could not (he assures us) have sustained at all.

Supported, either by miracle, or by her own indomitable spirit, Matilda wielded the sword of justice with masculine energy in the field against the enemies of the Holy See, or in the tribunal against such as presumed to violate her laws. He who knew her best, regarded these stern exercises of her authority but as the promptings of a heart which loved too wisely and too well to love with fondness. In the camp, such was the serenity of her demeanor, and the graceful flow of her discourse, that she appeared to him a messenger of mercy, in the garb of a Penthiiselea. On the judgment-seat he saw in her not the stern avenger of crime, but rather the compassionate mother of the feeble and the oppressed.

Nor did she allow to herself any of the weak indulgence she denied to others. In a voluptuous age she lived austere, subduing her appetites, and torturing her natural affections with the perverse ingenuity which her ghostly councillors inculcated and extolled. In a superstitious age she subdued her desire for the devotional abstractions of the cloister; and with greater wisdom, and more real piety, consecrated herself to the active duties of her princely office. In an illiterate age, her habits of study were such that she could make herself intelligible to all the troops among whom she lived, though levied from almost every part of Europe, and especially to the Italian, French, and German soldiers, whose tongues she used with equal facility. Donnizzone assures us, that, though he was ever at hand as her Latin secretary, she wrote with her own pen all her letters in that language to the pontiffs and sovereigns of her times—a proof, as his readers will think, of her discernment no less than of her learning. On his testimony, also, may be claimed for her the praise of loving, collecting, and preserving books; for thus he sings—

"Copia librorum non deficit huic ve bonorum;
Libros ex cunctis habet artibus atque figuris."

How well she understood the right use of them, may be inferred from her employment of Werner, a jurist, to revise the "Corpus Juris Civilis," and of Anselm, her confessor, to compile a collection of the "Canon Law," and to write a commentary on the "Psalms of David." Such, indeed, was her proficiency in scriptural knowledge, that her versifying chaplain maintains her

equality in such studies with the most learned of the bishops, her contemporaries.

Warrior, ascetic, and scholar as she was, the spirit of Matilda was too generous to be imprisoned within the limits of the camp, the cell, or the library. It was her nobler ambition to be the refuge of the oppressed, and the benefactor of the miserable, and the champion of what she deemed the cause of truth. Mortifying the love of this world's glory, she labored with a happy inconsistency to render it still more glorious. At her bidding, castles and palaces, convents and cathedrals, statues and public monuments, arose throughout Tuscany. Yet, so well was her munificence sustained by a wise economy, that to the close of her long reign, she was still able to maintain her hereditary title to the appellation of "the rich," by which her father, Boniface, had been distinguished. She might, with no less propriety, have been designated as "the powerful;" since, either by direct authority, or by irresistible influence, she ruled nearly the whole of Northern Italy, from Lombardy to the Papal States, and received from the other monarchs of the West, both the outward homage and the real deference reserved for sovereign potentates.

Matilda attained to the plenary dominion over her hereditary states at the very crisis of the great controversy of her age, when Henry had procured and promulgated the sentence of the Synod of Worms for the deposition of Gregory. Headless, or rather unconscious, of the resources of that formidable adversary, he had made no preparation for the inevitable contest; but, as if smitten by a judicial blindness, selected that critical moment for a new outrage on the most sacred feelings of his own subjects. He marched into Saxony; and there, as if in scorn of the free German spirit, erected a stern military despotism, confiscated the estates of the people, exiled their nobles, imprisoned their bishops, sold the peasants as slaves, or compelled them to labor in erecting fortresses, from which his mercenary troops might curb and ravage the surrounding country. The cry of the oppressed rose on every side from the unhappy land. It entered into the ears of the Avenger.

As Henry returned from this disastrous triumph to Utrecht, the imperial banner floated over a vast assemblage of courtiers, churchmen, vassals, ministers of justice, men-at-arms, and sutlers, who lay encamped, like some nomad tribe, round their chief, when the indignant bearing of some of his followers, and the alarmed and half-averted gaze of others, disclosed to him the awful fact, that a pontifical anathema had cast him down from his imperial state, and exiled him from the society of all Christian people. His heart fainted within him at these dismal tidings as at the sound of his own passing bell. But that heart was kingly still, and resolute either to dare or to endure, in defence of his hereditary crown. Shame and sorrow might track him to the grave, but he would hold no counsel with despair. The world had rejected him—the church had cast him out—his very mother deserted him. In popular belief, perhaps in his own, God himself had abandoned him. Yet all was not lost. He retained, at least, the hope of vengeance. On his hated adversary he might yet retaliate blow for blow, and malediction for malediction.

On Easter-day, in the year 1076, surrounded by a small and anxious circle of prelates, William

the Archbishop of Utrecht ascended his archiepiscopal throne, and recited the sacred narrative which commemorates the rising of the Redeemer from the grave. But no strain of exulting gratitude followed. A fierce invective depicted, in the darkest colors, the character and the career of Hildebrand, and with bitter scorn the preacher denied the right of such a pope to censure the Emperor of the West, to govern the church, or to live in her communion. In the name of the assembled synod, he then pronounced him excommunicate.

At that moment the summons of death reached the author of this daring defiance. While the last fatal struggle convulsed his body, a yet sorer agony affected his soul. He died self-aborred, rejecting the sympathy, the prayers, and the sacraments with which the terrified bystanders would have soothed his departing spirit. The voice of Heaven itself seemed to rise in wild concert with the cry of his tortured conscience. Thunderbolts struck down both the church in which he had abjured the Vicar of Christ, and the adjacent palace in which the emperor was residing. Three other of the anti-papal prelates quickly followed William to the grave, by strange and violent deaths. Godfrey of Lorraine fell by the hand of an assassin. Universal horror was awakened by such accumulated portents. Each day announced to Henry some new secession. His guards deserted his standard; his personal attendants avoided his presence. The members of the Synod of Worms fled to Rome, to make their peace with the justly irritated pontiff. The nobles set free the Saxon prisoners who had been confined to their custody. Otho appeared once more in arms to lead a new insurrection of his fellow-countrymen. The great princes of Germany convened a council to deliberate on the deposition of their sovereign. To every eye but his own, all seemed to be lost. Even to him it was but too evident that the loyalty of his subjects had been undermined, and that his throne was tottering beneath him. A single resource remained. He might yet assemble the faithful or the desperate adherents of his cause—inspire dread into those whose allegiance he had forfeited—make one last strenuous effort in defence of his crown—and descend to the tomb, if so it must be, the anointed and acknowledged Chief of the Carolingian Empire.

With a mind wrought up to such resolves, he traversed the north of Germany to encounter the Saxon insurgents—published to the world the sentence of Utrecht—and called on the Lombard bishops to concur in the excommunication it denounced. He reaped the usual reward of audacity. Though repelled by Otho, and compelled to retrace his march to the Rhine, he found every city, village, and convent, by which he passed, distracted with the controversy between the diadem and the tiara. Religion and awakening loyalty divided the empire. Though not yet combining into any definite form, the elements of a new confederacy were evidently at work in favor of a monarch who thus knew how to draw courage and energy from despair.

Yet the moral sentiment of the German people was as yet unequivocally against their sovereign. The imperialists mournfully acknowledged that their chief was justly condemned. The papalists indignantly denied the truth of the reproaches cast on their leader. In support of that denial,

Gregory defended himself in epistles addressed to all the greater Teutonic prelates. Among them is a letter to Herman, bishop of Metz, which vividly exhibits both the strength of the writer's character and the weakness of his cause. Although (he says) such as, from their exceeding folly, deny the papal right of excommunicating kings hardly deserve an answer, (the right to *depose* kings was the real point in debate,) yet, in condescension to their weakness, he will dispel their doubts. Peter himself had taught this doctrine, as appeared by a letter from St. Clement, (in the authenticity of which no one believes.) When Pepin coveted the crown of Childeric, Pope Zachary was invited by the mayor of the palace to give judgment between them. On his ambiguous award the usurper had founded the title of his dynasty. Saint Gregory the Great had *threatened* to depose any monarch who should resist his decrees. The story of Ambrose and Theodosius rightly interpreted, gave proof that the emperor held his crown at the will of the apostle. Every king was one of the "sheep" whom Peter had been commanded to feed, and one of the "things" which Peter had been empowered to bind. Who could presume to place the sceptre on a level with the crosier? The one the conquest of human pride, the other the gift of divine mercy: the one conducting to the vain glories of earth, the other pointing the way to heaven. As gold surpasses lead, so does the episcopal transcend the imperial dignity. Could Henry justly refuse to the universal bishop that precedence which Constantine had yielded to the meanest Prelate at Nicæa? Must not he be supreme above all terrestrial thrones, to whom all ecclesiastical dominations are subordinate?

To employ good arguments, one must be in the right. To make the best possible use of such as are to be had, is the privilege of genius, even when in the wrong. Nothing could be more convincing to the spiritual lords of Germany, nothing more welcome to her secular chiefs, than this array of great names and sonorous authorities against their falling sovereign. To overcome the obstinate loyalty of the burghers and peasantry to their young and gallant king, religious terrors were indispensable; and continual reinforcements of pontifical denunciations were therefore solicited and obtained. At length, in the autumn of 1076, appeared from Rome a rescript which, in the event (no longer doubtful) of Henry's continued resistance to the sentence of the last papal council, required the German princes and prelates, counts and barons, to elect a new emperor, and assured them of the apostolical confirmation of any choice which should be worthily made. These were no idle words. The death-struggle could no longer be postponed. Legates arrived from Rome, to guide the proceedings of the diet to be convened for this momentous deliberation. It met during the autumn at Tribur.

The annals of mankind scarcely record so solemn or so dispassionate an act of national justice. On every adjacent height some princely banner waved over the mature vintage, and joining in that pleasant toil, and in the carols of that gay season, groups of unarmed soldiers might be traced along the furthest windings of the neighboring Rhine. In the centre, and under the defence of that vast encampment, rose a pavilion, within which were collected all whose dignity entitled them to a voice in that high debate. From the only extant

record of what occurred, and of what was spoken there, it may be inferred that Henry's offences against the church were regarded lightly in comparison with the criminality of his civil government. Stationed on the opposite bank of the river, he received continued intelligence of the progress and tendency of the discussion. The prospect darkened hourly. Soldiers had already been dispatched to secure him; and unknighly indignities inflicted on his person, might forever have estranged the reverence borne to him by the ruder multitude, when he attempted to avert the impending sentence by an offer to abdicate all the powers of government to his greater feudatories, and to retreat from the contest as the merely titular head of the Teutonic Empire.

Palpable as was the snare to the subtle Italian legates, the simple-minded Germans appear to have nearly fallen into it. For seven successive days, speech answered speech on this proposal, and when men could neither speak nor listen more, the project of a nominal reign, shorn of all substantial authority, was adopted by the diet; but (in modern phrase) with amendments obviously imposed by the representatives of the sacerdotal power. The pope was to be invited to hold a diet at Augsburg in the ensuing spring. He was meanwhile to decide whether Henry should be restored to the bosom of the church. If so absolved, he was at once to resume all his beneficial rights. But if the sun should go down on him, still an excommunicate person, on the 23d of February, 1077, his crown was to be transferred to another. Till then he was to dwell at Spire, with the imperial title, but without a court, an army, or a place of public worship.

The theocratic theory, hitherto regarded as a mere Utopian extravagance, had thus passed into a practical and a sacred reality. The fisherman of Galilee had triumphed over the conqueror of Pharsalia. The vassal of Otho had reduced Otho's successor to vassalage. The universal monarchy which heathen Rome had wrung from a bleeding world, had been extorted by Christian Rome from the superstition or the reverence of mankind. The relation of the papacy and the empire had been inverted, and churchmen foretold with unhesitating confidence the exaltation of their order above all earthly potentates, and the resort to their capital of countless worshippers, there to do homage to an oracle more profound than that of Delphi, to mysteries more pure than those of Eleusis, and to a pontificate more august than that of Jerusalem. Strains of unbounded joy resounded through the papal city. Solitude and shame and penitential exercises attended the past crimes and the abject fortunes of the exile of Spire.

But against this regimen of sackcloth and fasting, the body and the soul of Henry revolted. At the close of the Diet of Tribur, he had scarcely completed his twenty-sixth year. Degraded, if not finally deposed, hated and reviled, abandoned by man, and compelled by conscience to anticipate his abandonment by God, he yet in the depths of his misery retained the remembrance and the hope of dominion. Youth could still gild the future. He might yet retrieve his reputation, resume the blessings he had squandered, and take a signal vengeance on his great antagonist. And amidst the otherwise universal desertion, there was one faithful bosom on which to repose his own aching heart. Contrasted with the guilt and the baseness

of her husband's court, Bertha is disclosed to us as the pure surrounded by the licentious, the faithful by the false. Her wrongs had been such as to render a deep resentment nothing less than a duty. Her happiness and her honor had been basely assailed by the selfish profligate to whom the most solemn vows had in vain united her. But to her, those vows were a bond stronger than death, and never to be dissolved or weakened by all the confederate powers of earth and hell. To suffer was the condition—to pardon and to love, the necessity—of her existence. Vice and folly could not have altogether depraved him who was the object of such devoted tenderness, and who at length returned it with almost equal constancy, after a bitter experience had taught him the real value of the homage and caresses of the world.

In her society, though an exile from every other, Henry wore away two months at Spire in a fruitless solicitation to the pope to receive him in Italy as a penitent suitor for reconciliation with the church. December had now arrived; and in less than ten weeks would be fulfilled the term, when, if still excommunicate, he must, according to the sentence at Tribur, finally resign, not the prerogatives alone, but the title and rank of head of the empire. To avert this danger, no sacrifice could be declined; and history tells of none more singular than those to which the heir of the Franconian dynasty was constrained to submit. In the garb of a pilgrim, and in a season so severe as during more than four months to have converted the Rhine into a solid mass of ice, Henry and his faithful Bertha, carrying in her arms their infant child, undertook to cross the Alps, with no escort but such menial servants as it was yet in his power to hire for that desperate enterprise. Among the courtiers who had so lately thronged his palace, not one would become the companion of his toil and dangers. Among the neighboring princes who so lately had solicited his alliance, not one would grant him the poor boon of a safe-conduct and a free passage through their states. Even his wife's mother exacted from him large territorial cessions as the price of allowing him and her own daughter to scale one of the Alpine passes, apparently that of the Great St. Bernard. Day by day, peasants cut out an upward path through the long windings of the mountain. In the descent from the highest summit, when thus at length gained, Henry had to encounter fatigues and dangers from which the chamois-hunter would have turned aside. Vast trackless wastes of snow were traversed, sometimes by mere crawling, at other times by the aid of rope-ladders or still ruder contrivances, and not seldom by a sheer plunge along the inclined steep; the empress and her child being enveloped on those occasions in the raw skins of beasts slaughtered on the march.

The transition from these dangers to security, from the pine forests, glaciers, and precipices of the Alps, to the sunny plains of the south, was not so grateful to the wearied travellers as the change from the gloom of Spire to the rapturous greetings which hailed their advance along the course of the Po. A splendid court, a numerous army, and an exulting populace, once more attested the majesty of the emperor; nor was the welcome of his Italian subjects destitute of a deeper significance than usually belongs to the pæans of the worshippers of kings. They dreamed of the haughty pontiff humbled, of the see of Ambrose exalted to civil and ecclesiastical supremacy, and

of the German yoke lifted from their necks. Doomed as were these soaring hopes to an early disappointment, the enthusiasm of Henry's partisans justified those more sober expectations which had prompted his perilous journey across the Alps. He could now prosecute his suit to the pope with the countenance and in the vicinity of those zealous adherents, and at a secure distance from the enemies towards whom Hildebrand was already advancing to hold the contemplated diet of Augsburg. In personal command of a military escort, Matilda attended the papal progress: and was even pointing out to her guards their line of march through the snowy peaks which closed in her northern horizon, when tidings of the rapid approach of the emperor at the head of a formidable force induced her to retreat to the fortress of Canossa. There, in the bosom of the Apennines, her sacred charge would be secure from any sudden assault. Nor had she anything to dread from the regular leaguer of such powers as could in that age have been brought to the siege of it.

Canossa was the cradle and the original seat of her ancient race. It was also the favorite residence of the great countess; and when Gregory found shelter within her halls, they were crowded with guests of the highest eminence in social and in literary rank. So imposing was the scene, and so superb the assemblage, that the drowsy muse of her versifying chaplain awakened for once to an hyperbole, and declared Canossa to be nothing less than a new Rome, the rival of that of Romulus. Thither, as if to verify the boast, came a long line of mitred penitents from Germany, whom the severe Hildebrand consigned on their arrival to solitary cells with bread and water for their fare; and there also appeared the German emperor himself, not the leader of the rumored host of Lombard invaders, but surrounded by a small and unarmed retinue—mean in his apparel, and contrite in outward aspect, a humble suppliant for pardon and acceptance to the communion of the faithful. Long centuries had passed away since the sceptre of the West had been won in Cisalpine fields fought by Italian armies; and Henry well knew that, to break the alliance of patriotism, cupidity, and superstition, which had degraded him at Tribur, it was necessary to rescue himself from the anathema which he had but too justly incurred. And Hildebrand! fathomless as are the depths of the human heart, who can doubt that, amidst the conflict of emotions which now agitated him, the most dominant was the exulting sense of victory over the earth's greatest monarch? His rival at his feet, his calumniator self-condemned, the lips which had rudely summoned him to abdicate the apostolic crown now suing to him for the recovery of the imperial diadem, the exaltation in his person of decrepid age over fiery youth, of mental over physical power, of the long-enthralled church over the long-tyrannizing world, all combined to form a triumph too intoxicating even for that capacious intellect.

The veriest sycophant of the papal court would scarcely have ventured to describe, as a serious act of sacramental devotion, the religious masquerade which followed between the high priest and the imperial penitent; or to extol as politic and wise, the base indignities to which the pontiff subjected his prostrate enemy, and of which his own pastoral letters contain the otherwise incredible record. Had it been his object to compel Henry to drain to

its bitterest dregs the cup of unprofitable humiliation—to exasperate to madness the emperor himself, and all who would resent as a personal wrong an insult to their sovereign—and to transmit to the latest age a monument and a hatred alike imperishable, of the extravagances of spiritual despotism, he could have devised no fitter course.

Environed by many of the greatest princes of Italy who owed fealty and allegiance to the emperor, Gregory affected to turn a deaf ear to his solicitations. His humblest offers were spurned; his most unbounded acknowledgments of the sacerdotal authority over the kings and kingdoms of the world were rejected. For the distress of her royal kinsman, Matilda felt as women and as monarchs feel; but even her entreaties seemed to be fruitless. Day by day, the same cold stern appeal to the future decisions of the diet to be convened at Augsburg, repelled the suit even of that powerful intercessor. The critical point, at which prayers for reconciliation would give way to indignation and defiance, had been almost reached. Then, and not till then, the pope condescended to offer his ghostly pardon, on the condition that Henry would surrender into his hands the custody of the crown, the sceptre, and the other ensigns of royalty, and acknowledge himself unworthy to bear the royal title. This, however, was a scandal on which not even the proud spirit of the now triumphant priest dared to insist, and to which not even the now abject heart of the emperor could be induced to submit. But the shame which was spared to the sovereign was inflicted with relentless severity on the man.

It was towards the end of January, the earth was covered with snow, and the mountain streams were arrested by the keen frost of the Apennines, when, clad in a thin penitential garment of white linen, and bare of foot, Henry, the descendant of so many kings, and the ruler of so many nations, ascended slowly and alone the rocky path which led to the outer gate of the fortress of Canossa. With strange emotions of pity, of wonder, and of scorn, the assembled crowd gazed on his majestic form and noble features, as, passing through the first and the second gateway, he stood in the posture of humiliation before the third, which remained inexorably closed against his further progress. The rising sun found him there fasting; and there the setting sun left him stiff with cold, faint with hunger, and devoured by shame and ill-suppressed resentment. A second day dawned, and wore tardily away, and closed, in a continuance of the same indignities, poured out on mankind at large in the person of their chief by the vicar of the meek, the lowly, and the compassionate Redeemer. A third day came, and still irreverently trampling on the hereditary lord of the fairer half of the civilized world, Hildebrand once more prolonged till nightfall this profane and hollow parody on the real workings of the broken and contrite heart.

Nor in the midst of this outrage on every natural sentiment and every honest prejudice, was he unwarned of the activity and the strength of those feelings. Lamentations, and even reproaches, rang through the castle of Canossa. Murmurs from Henry's inveterate enemies, and his own zealous adherents, upbraided Gregory as exhibiting rather the cruelty of a tyrant than the rigor of an apostle. But the endurance of the sufferer was the only measure of the inflexibility of the tormentor; nor was it till the unhappy monarch

had burst away from the scene of his mental and bodily anguish, and sought shelter in a neighboring convent, that the pope, yielding at length to the instances of Matilda, would admit the degraded suppliant into his presence. It was the fourth day on which he had borne the humiliating garb of an affected penitence, and in that sordid raiment he drew near on his bare feet to the more than imperial majesty of the church, and prostrated himself in more than servile deference before the diminutive and emaciated old man, "from the terrible grace of whose countenance," we are told, "the eye of every beholder recoiled as from the lightning." Hunger, cold, nakedness, and shame, had for the moment crushed that gallant spirit. He wept and cried for mercy, again and again renewing his entreaties, until he had reached the lowest level of abasement to which his own enfeebled heart, or the haughtiness of his great antagonist, could depress him. Then, and not till then, did the pope condescend to revoke the anathema of the Vatican.

Cruel, however, were the tender mercies of the now exulting pontiff. He restored his fallen enemy at once to the communion and to the contempt of his Christian brethren. The price of pardon was a promise to submit himself to the future judgment of the apostolic see; to resign his crown if that judgment should be unfavorable to him; to abstain meanwhile from the enjoyment of any of his royal prerogatives or revenues; to acknowledge the validity of the release of his subjects from their allegiance; to banish his former friends and advisers; to govern his states, should he regain them, in obedience to the papal counsels; to enforce all papal decrees, and never to revenge his present humiliation. To the observance of the terms thus dictated by the conqueror, the oaths of Henry himself, and of several prelates and princes as his sponsors, were pledged; and then, in the name of Him who had declared that his kingdom was not of this world, and as the successor of him who had forbidden to all bishops any lordship over the heritage of Christ, the solemn words of pontifical absolution rescued the degraded emperor from the forfeit to which he had been conditionally sentenced by the confederates at Tribur.

Another expiation was yet to be made to the injured majesty of the tiara. He in whom the dynasties of Cæsar, of Charlemagne, and of Otho had their representative, might still be compelled to endure one last and galling contumely. Holding in his hand the seeming bread, which words of far more than miraculous power had just transmuted into the very body which died and was entombed at Calvary—"Behold!" exclaimed the pontiff, fixing his keen and flashing eye on the jaded countenance of the unhappy monarch—"behold the body of the Lord! Be it this day the witness of my innocence. May the almighty God now free me from the suspicion of the guilt of which I have been accused by thee and thine, if I be really innocent! May He this very day smite me with a sudden death, if I be really guilty!" Amidst the acclamations of the bystanders, he then looked up to heaven, and broke and ate the consecrated element. "And now," he exclaimed, turning once more on the awe-stricken Henry that eye which neither age could dim nor pity soften; "if thou art conscious of thine innocence, and assured that the charges brought against thee by thine own opponents are false and calumnious,

free the church of God from scandal, and thyselves from suspicion, and take as an appeal to heaven this body of the Lord."

That in open contradiction to his own recent prayers and penances, the penitent should have accepted this insulting challenge, was obviously impossible. He trembled and evaded it. At length when his wounded spirit, and half-lifeless frame could endure no more, a banquet was served, where, suppressing the agonies of shame and rage with which his bosom was to heave from that moment to his last, he closed this scene of wretchedness, by accepting the hospitalities, sharing in the familiar discourse, and submitting to the benedictions of the man who had in his person given proofs till then unimagined, of the depths of ignominy to which the temporal chief of Christendom might be depressed by an audacious use of the powers of her ecclesiastical head.

The Lombard lords who had hailed the arrival of their sovereign in Italy, had gradually overtaken his rapid advance to Canossa. There, marshalled in the adjacent valleys, they anxiously awaited from day to day intelligence of what might be passing within the fortress, when at length the gates were thrown open, and attended only by the usual episcopal retinue, a bishop was seen to descend from the steep path which led to their encampment. He announced that Henry had submitted himself to the present discipline and to the future guidance of the pope, and had received his ghostly absolution; and that on the same terms his holiness was ready to bestow the same grace on his less guilty followers. As the tidings of this papal victory flew from rank to rank, the mountains echoed with one protracted shout of indignation and defiance. The Lombards spurned the pardon of Hildebrand—an usurper of the apostolic throne, himself excommunicated by the decrees of German and Italian synods. They denied the authority of the emperor, debased as he now was by concessions unworthy of a king, and by indignities disgraceful to a soldier. They vowed to take the crown from his dishonored head, to place it on the brows of his son, the yet infant Conrad; to march immediately to Rome, and there to depose the proud churchman who had thus dared to humble to the dust the majesty of the Franconian line and of the Lombard name.

In the midst of this military tumult, the gates of Canossa were again thrown open, and Henry himself was seen descending to the camp, his noble figure bowed down, and his lordly countenance overcast with unwonted emotions. As he passed along the Lombard lines, every eye expressed contempt, and derision was on every tongue. But the Italian was not the German spirit. They could not at once despise and obey. Following the standard of their degraded monarch, they conducted him to Reggio, where, in a conclave of ecclesiastics, he instantly proceeded to concert schemes for their deliverance, and for his own revenge.

Within a single week from the absolution of Canossa, Gregory was on his way to Mantua to hold a council, to which the emperor had invited him, with the treacherous design (if the papal historians may be credited) of seizing and imprisoning him there. The vigilance of Matilda rescued her holy father from the real or imaginary danger. From the banks of the Po she conducted him back, under the escort of her troops, to the shelter of her native mountain fastness. His faith in

his own infallibility must have undergone a severe trial. The imperial sinner he had pardoned, was giving daily proof that the heart of man is not to be penetrated even by papal eyes. Henry was exercising, with ostentation, the prerogatives he had so lately vowed to forego. He had cast off the abject tone of the confessional. All his royal instincts were in full activity. He breathed defiance against the pontiff—seized and imprisoned his legates—recalled to his presence his excommunicated councillors—became once more strenuous for his rights—and was recompensed by one simultaneous burst of sympathy, enthusiasm, and devotedness, from his Italian subjects.

To balance the ominous power thus rising against him, Gregory now received an accession of dignity and of influence on which his eulogists are unwilling to dwell. The discipline of the church, and the fate of the empire, were not the only subjects of his solicitude while sheltered in the castle and city of the Tuscan heroine. The world was startled and scandalized by the intelligence, that his princely hostess had granted all her hereditary states to her apostolic guest, and to his successors forever, in full allodial dominion. By some sage of the law, who drew up the act of cession, it is ascribed to her dread of the emperor's hostility. A nobler impulse is ascribed to the mistress of Liguria and Tuscany in the hobbling verses of her more honest chaplain. Peter, he says, bore the keys of heaven, and Matilda had resolved to bear the Etrurian keys of Peter's patrimony in no other character than that of doorkeeper to Peter. With what benignity the splendid inheritance was accepted, may also be learned from the worthy versifier. At this hour Pope Gregory the sixteenth holds some parts of his territorial dominion in virtue of this grant. Hildebrand is one of the saints of the church, and one of the heroes of the world. He, therefore, escapes the reproach of so grave an abuse of the hospitality of the great countess, and of the confidence she reposed in her spiritual guide. The coarser reproach in which it has involved them both, will be adopted by no one who has ever watched the weaving of the mystic bonds which knit together the female and the sacerdotal hearts. It was the age of feudalism, not of chivalry. Yet, when chivalry came, and St. Louis himself adorned it, would he, if so tried, have resisted the temptation under which St. Gregory fell? It is, probably, well for the fame of that illustrious prince that his virtue was never subjected to so severe a test.

Canossa, the scene of this memorable cession, was, at the same time, the prison of him to whom it was made. All the passes were beset with Henry's troops. All the Lombard and Tuscan cities were in Henry's possession. His reviving courage had kindled the zeal of his adherents. He was no longer an outcast to be trampled down with impunity, but the leader of a formidable host, with whom even the Vicar of Christ must condescend to temporize.

In the wild defiles of the Alps, swift messengers from the princes to the pope hurried past solemn legates from the pope to the princes—they urging his instant appearance at Augsburg—he exhorting them to avoid any decision in his absence. Mitred emissaries also passed from Gregory to the emperor, summoning him to attend the diet within a time by which no one unwashed by wings or steam could have reached the place, and requesting from him a suicidal safe-conduct for his pontifical judge. The pope was now confined to the weapons with

which men of the gown contend with men of the sword. His prescience foreboded a civil war. His policy was to assume the guidance of the German league just far enough to maintain his lofty claims, not far enough to be irrevocably committed to the leaguers. A plausible apology for his absence was necessary. It was afforded by Henry's rejection of demands made only that they might be rejected.

To Otho and to the aspiring Rudolf such subtleties were alike unfamiliar and unsuspected. Those stout soldiers and simple Germans knew that the pope had deposed their king and had absolved them from their allegiance. They doubted not, therefore, that he was bound heart and soul to their cause. Or if, in the assembly which they held at Forcheim, a doubt was whispered of Italian honor or of pontifical faith, it was silenced by the presence there of papal legates, who sedulously swelled the tide of invective against Henry. At first, indeed, they dissuaded the immediate choice of a rival sovereign. But to the demand of the princes for prompt and decisive measures, they gave their ready assent. They advised them, it is true, to confer no hereditary title on the object of their choice. Yet when, in defiance of that advice, the choice was made, they solemnly confirmed it in the name, and by the authority, of Gregory. They did not, certainly, vote for the election of Rudolf; but, when the shouts of the multitude announced his accession to the Teutonic throne, they placed the crown on his head. That Hildebrand did not disavow these acts of his representatives, but availed himself of the alliances and aids to be derived from them, appeared, to these downright captains, abundantly sufficient to bind him in conscience and in honor. That the pope had not the slightest intention of being so bound, unless it should chance to suit his own convenience, is, however, past dispute. Even in the nineteenth century he has found, in M. l'Abbé Jager, an apologist who absolves him from all responsibility for the acts of his legates at the Diet of Forcheim, because they were adopted without awaiting his own personal arrival. The diet might just as reasonably have awaited the arrival of the millennium.

The decretals of Rome, of Tribur, of Canossa, and of Forcheim, were now to bear their proper fruits—fruits of bitter taste and of evil augury. At the moment when the cathedral of Mentz was pouring forth the crowds who had just listened to the coronation oath of Rudolf, the clash of arms, the cries of combatants, and the shrieks of the dying, mingled, strangely and mournfully, with the sacred anthems and the songs of revellers. An idle frolic of some Swabian soldiers had kindled into rage the sullen spirit with which the partisans of Henry had gazed on that unwelcome pageant; and the first rude and exasperated voice was echoed by the thousands who learned, from those acclamations, the secret of their numbers and their strength. The discovery and the agitation spread from city to city, and roused the whole German people from the Rhine to the Oder. Men's hearts yearned over their exiled king. They remembered that, but twelve short years before, he had been basely stolen from his mother by churchmen who had yet more basely corrupted him. They commemorated his courage, his courtesy and his munificence. They pardoned his faults as the excesses of youth, and resented, as insults to themselves, the indignities of Canossa and the treason of Forcheim. In this reflux of

public opinion, the loyal and the brave, all who cherished the honors of the crown, and all who desired the independence of the state, were supported by the multitudes to whom the papal edicts against simony and clerical marriages were fraught with calamity, and by that still more numerous body who at all times lend their voices and their arms to swell the triumph of every rising cause. To this confederacy Rudolf had to oppose the alliance of the princes, secular and ecclesiastical, the devoted zeal of the Saxon people, and the secret support, rather than the frank and open countenance, of the pope. The shock of these hostile powers was near and inevitable.

In the spring of 1077, tidings were spread throughout Germany of the emperor's arrival to the northward of the Alps. From Franconia, the seat of his house, from the fruitful province of Burgundy, and from the Bohemian mountains, he was greeted with an enthusiastic welcome. Many, even of the Bavarians and Swabians, revolted in his favor. His standard once more floated over all the greater citadels of the Rhine. He who, six months before, had fled from Spire, a solitary wanderer, was now at the head of a powerful army, controlling the whole of southern Germany, laying waste the territories of his rivals, and threatening them with a signal retribution.

Amidst the rising tempest the voice of Gregory was heard; but it was no longer trumpet-tongued and battling with the storm. The Supreme Earthly Judge, the dread avenger, had subsided into the pacific mediator. In the name of Peter he enjoined either king to send him a safe-conduct, that he might, in person, arbitrate between them and stop the effusion of Christian blood. A safe but an impracticable offer; an indirect but significant avowal of neutrality between the sovereign he had so lately deposed, and the sovereign whom, by his legates, he had so lately crowned. Thus ignobly withdrawing from the contest he had so precipitately kindled, Hildebrand returned from Canossa to the papal city. The great countess, as usual, attended as the commander of his guard. Rome received in triumph her new Germanicus, and decreed an ovation to his ever-faithful Agripina.

While the glories of Canossa were thus celebrated by rejoicings in the Christian capital, these were expiated by blood in the plains of Saxony. Confiding in the solemn acts of the pope and his legates, the Saxons had thronged to the defence of the crown of Rudolf, and they had sustained it undauntedly. But the bravest quailed at the intelligence that Gregory had disowned the cause of the church, and of their native land; and that, even in the palace of the Lateran, the ambassadors of Henry were received with honors and with a deference denied to the humbler envoys of his rival. Sagacity far inferior to that of Hildebrand, could, at that time, have divined that the sword alone could decide such a quarrel—that the sword of Henry was the keener of the two—and that, by the cordial adoption of the cause of either, the pope might draw on himself the vengeance of the conqueror. To pause, to vacillate, and to soothe, had, therefore, become the policy of the sovereign of the papal states; but to be silent or inactive in such a strife, would have been to abdicate one of the highest prerogatives of the papacy. Pontifical legates traversed Europe. Pontifical epistles demanded the submission of the combatants. Pontifical warnings denounced woes on the disobedient.

But no pontifical voice explained who was to be obeyed or who opposed, what was to be done or what forborne. Discerning readers of these mandates understood them as an intimation that, on the victorious side, (whichever that side might be,) the pontifical power would ultimately be found.

The appeal from these dark oracles to the unambiguous sword was first made by the rival kings in the autumn of 1078. They met on the banks of the Stren, on the plains of Melrichstadt. Each was driven from the field with enormous loss; Henry by his inveterate antagonist Otho; Rudolf by Count Herbard, the lieutenant of Henry. Each claimed the victory. An issue so indecisive could draw from the circumspect pontiff nothing more definite than renewed exhortations to rely on the Holy Peter; and could urge him to no measure more hazardous than that of convening a new council at the Lateran. There appeared the imperial envoys with hollow vows of obedience, and Saxon messengers invoking some intelligible intimation of the judgment and purposes of the apostolic see. Again the pope listened, spoke, exhorted, threatened, and left the bleeding world to interpret, as it might, the mystic sense of the Infallible.

To that brave and truth-loving people, from whom, at the distance of four centuries, Luther was to rise for the deliverance of mankind, these subterfuges appeared in their real light. The Saxon annalist has preserved three letters sent by his countrymen on this occasion to Gregory, which he must have read with admiration and with shame. "You know, and the letters of your holiness attest" (such is their indignant remonstrance) "that it was by no advice nor for any interest of ours, but for wrongs done to the holy see, that you deposed our king, and forbade us, under fearful menaces, to acknowledge him. We have obeyed you at great danger, and at the expense of horrible sufferings. Many of us have lost their property and their lives, and have bequeathed hopeless poverty to their children. We who survive are without the means of subsistence, delivered over to the utmost agonies of distress. The reward of our sacrifices is, that he who was compelled to cast himself at your feet has been absolved without punishment, and has been permitted to crush us to the very abyss of misery. After our king had been solemnly deposed in a synod, and another chosen in virtue of the apostolic authority, the very matter thus decided is again brought into question. What especially perplexes us simple folk is, that the legates of Henry, though excommunicated by your legates, are well received at Rome. Holy father, your piety assures us that you are guided by honorable, not by subtle views; but we are too gross to understand them. We can only explain to you that this management of two parties has produced civil war, murder, pillage, conflagration. If we helpless sheep had failed in any point of duty, the vengeance of the holy see would have overtaken us. Why exhibit so much forbearance, when you have to do with wolves who have ravaged the Lord's fold? We conjure you to look into your own heart, to remember your own honor, to fear the wrath of God, and for your own sake, if not for love of us, rescue yourself from the responsibility for the torrents of blood poured out in our land."

To these pathetic appeals Gregory answered

slowly and reluctantly; by disavowing the acts of his legates at Forheim; by extolling his own justice, courage, disinterestedness; by invoking the support of all orders of men in Germany; and by assuring them, in scriptural language, of the salvation of such "as should persevere to the end." But the hour for blandishments had passed away. The day of wrath and the power of the sword had come.

The snow covered the earth, and the frost had chained the rivers, when in the winter of 1079-80, the armies of Henry and Rudolf were drawn up, in hostile lines, at the village of Fladenheim near Mulhausen. Henry was the assailant, but, though driven with great loss from the field, Rudolf was the conqueror; for in that field the dreaded Otho again commanded, and by his skill and courage a rout was turned into a victory.

The intelligence arrived at Rome at the moment when Gregory was presiding there in the most numerous of the many councils he had convened at the Lateran. Long-suppressed shame for his ignoble indecision, the murmurs of the assembled prelates, a voice from heaven, audible, as we are told, to his sense alone, and above all the triumphant field of Fladenheim, combined to overcome his long-cherished but timid policy. Rising from his throne with the majesty of his earlier days, the pope, in the names of Peter and of Paul, "of God and of his holy mother Mary," excommunicated Henry, took from him the government of his states, deprived him of his royal rank, forbade all Christian people to receive him as their king, "gave, granted, and conceded," that Rudolf might rule the German and Italian empire, and with blessings on Rudolf's adherents, and curses on his foes, dissolved the assembly. Then moved, as he believed, by a divine impulse, he proceeded to the altar, and uttered a prediction, that ere the church should celebrate the festival of the prince of the apostles, Henry, her rebellious outcast, should neither reign nor live to molest her.

A perilous prophecy. Henry was no longer the exile of Tribur nor the penitent of Canossa. His own rage, on hearing of this new papal sentence, did not burn so fiercely as the wrath of his adherents. With the sanction of thirty bishops, a new anti-pope, Guibert of Ravenna, was elected at Brixen; and, at every court in Europe, imperial embassies demanded support for the common cause of all temporal sovereigns. In every part of Germany troops were levied, and Henry marched at their head to crush the one Cisalpine power in alliance with Rome. But that power was still animated by the Saxon spirit, and was still sustained by the claims of Rudolf and by the genius of Otho.

On the bright dawn of an autumnal day, his forces, drawn up on the smiling banks of the Elster, raised the sacred song of the Hebrews, "God standeth in the congregation of princes; he is a judge among Gods;" and flung themselves on the far extended lines of Henry's army; who, with emulous devotion, met them with the hardly less sublime canticle, "Te Deum laudamus." Cries more welcome to the demons of war soon stilled these sacred strains—cries of despair, of anguish, and of terror. They first rose from one of Henry's squadrons, which, alarmed by the fall of their captain, receded, and, in their retreat, spread through the rest a panic, a pause, and a momentary confusion. That moment was enough

for the eagle glance of Otho. He rushed on the wavering imperialists, and, ere that bright sun had reached the meridian, thousands had fallen by the Saxon sword, or had perished in the blood-stained river. The victory was complete, the exultation rapturous. Shouts of glory to the God of battles, thanksgivings for the deliverance of Saxony, pæans of immortal honor to Otho, the noblest of her sons, soothed or exasperated the agonies of the dying, when the triumph was turned into sudden and irremediable mourning. On the field which had, apparently, secured his crown, Rudolf himself had fallen. He fell by an illustrious arm. Godfrey of Bouillon, the hero of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, struck the fatal blow. Another sword severed the right hand from the arm of Rudolf. "It is the hand," he cried, as his glazing eye rested on it, "with which I confirmed my fealty to Henry my lord." At once elevated by so signal a victory, and depressed by these penitent misgivings, his spirit passed away, leaving his adherents to the mercy of his rival.

The same sun which witnessed the ruin of Henry's army on the Elster, looked down on a conflict, in which, on that eventful morning, the forces of Matilda in the Mantuan territory fled before his own. He now, once more, descended into Italy. He came, not, as formerly, a pilgrim and an exile; but at the head of an army devoted to his person, and defying all carnal enemies and all spiritual censures. He came to encounter Hildebrand, destitute of all Transalpine alliances, and supported, even in Italy, by no power but that of Matilda; for the Norman Duke of Apulia was far away attempting the conquest of the Eastern capital and empire. But Henry left, in his rear, the invincible Saxons and the hero who commanded them. To prevent a diversion in that quarter, the emperor proposed to abdicate his dominion in Saxony in favor of Conrad, his son. But Otho (a merry talker, as his annalist informs us) rejected the project with the remark, that "the calf of a vicious bull usually proved vicious." Leaving, therefore, this implacable enemy to his machinations, the emperor pressed forward; and before the summer of 1080, the citizens of Rome saw, from their walls, the German standards in hostile array in the Campagna.

In the presence of such danger, the gallant spirit of the aged pope once more rose and exulted. He convened a synod to attest his last defiance of his formidable enemy. He exhorted the German princes to elect a successor to Rudolf. In letters of impassioned eloquence, he again maintained his supremacy over all the kings and rulers of mankind. He welcomed persecution as the badge of his holy calling; and, while the besiegers were at the gates, he disposed (at least in words) of royal crowns and distant provinces. Matilda supplied him with money, which, for a while, tranquillized the Roman populace. He himself wrought miracles to extinguish conflagrations kindled by their treachery. In language such as martyrs use, he consoled the partners of his sufferings. In language such as heroes breathe, he animated the defenders of the city. The siege, or blockade, continued for three years uninterrupted, except when Henry's troops were driven, by the deadly heats of autumn, to the neighboring hills. Distress, and, it is alleged, bribery, at length subdued the courage of the garrison. On every side clamors were heard for peace; for Henry demanded, as the terms of peace, nothing

more than the recognition of his imperial title, and his coronation by the hands of Gregory. The conscience, perhaps the pride, of Gregory revolted against the proposal. His invincible will opposed and silenced the outcries of the famished multitudes; nor could their entreaties, or their threats, extort from him more than a promise that, in the approaching winter, he would propose the question to a pontifical synod. It met, by the permission of Henry, on the 30th November, 1083. It was the latest council of Gregory's pontificate. A few bishops, faithful to their chief and to his cause, now occupied the seats so often thronged by mitred churchmen. Every pallid cheek and anxious eye was turned to him who occupied the loftier throne in the centre of that agitated assembly. He rose, and the half-uttered suggestions of fear and human policy were hushed into deep stillness as he spoke. He spoke of the glorious example, of the sacred duty, of the light affliction, and of the eternal reward, of martyrs for the faith. He spoke, as dying fathers speak to their children, of peace, and hope, and of consolation. But he spoke also, as inspired prophets spake of yore to the Kings of Israel, denouncing the swift vengeance of Heaven against his oppressors. The enraptured audience exclaimed that they had heard the voice of an angel, not of a man. Gregory dismissed the assembly, and calmly prepared for whatever extremity of distress might await him.

It did not linger. In the spring of 1084 the garrison was overpowered, the gates were thrown open to the besiegers, and Gregory sought a precarious refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo. He left the great Church of the Lateran as a theatre for the triumph of his antagonist and his rival. Seated on the apostolic throne, Guibert, the antipope of Brixen, was consecrated there by the title of Clement the Third; and then, as the successor of Peter, he placed the crown of Germany and of Italy on the brows of Henry and of Bertha as they knelt before him.

And now Henry had in his grasp the author of the shame of Canossa, of the anathemas of the Lateran, and of the civil wars and rebellions of the empire. The base populace of Rome were already anticipating, with sanguinary joy, the humiliation, perhaps the death, of the noblest spirit who had reigned there since the slaughter of Julius. The approaching catastrophe, whatever might be its form, Gregory was prepared to meet with a serene confidence in God, and a haughty defiance of man. A few hours more, and the castle of St. Angelo must have yielded to famine or to assault, when the aged pope, in the very agony of his fate, gathered the reward of the policy with which he had cemented the alliance between the papacy and the Norman conquerors of the south of Italy. Robert Guiscard, returning from Constantinople, flew to the rescue of his Suzerain. Scouts announced to Henry the approach of a mighty host, in which the Norman battle-axe and the cross were strangely united with the Saracenic cimeter and the crescent. A precipitate retreat scarcely rescued his enfeebled troops from the impending danger. He abandoned his prey in a fever of disappointment. Unable to slake his thirst for vengeance, he might allay it by surprising the Great Countess, and overwhelming her forces, still in arms in the Modenese. But he was himself surprised in the attempt by her superior skill and vigilance. Shouts for St. Peter and

Matilda roused the retreating imperialists by night, near the Castle of Sorbaria. They retired across the Alps with such a loss of men, of officers, and of treasure, as disabled them from any further enterprises.

The emperor returned into Germany to reign undisturbed by civil war; for the great Otho was dead, and Herman of Luxemburg, who had assumed the imperial title, was permitted to abdicate it with contemptuous impunity. Henry returned, however, to prepare for new conflicts with the papacy—to drain the cup of toil, of danger, and of distress—and to die, at length, with a heart broken by the parricidal cruelty of his son. No prayers were said, and no requiem sung, over the unhallowed grave which received the bones of the excommunicated monarch. Yet they were committed to the earth with the best and the kindest obsequies. The pity of his enemies, the lamentation of his subjects, and the unbidden tears of the poor, the widows, and the orphans, who crowded round the bier of their benefactor, rendered his tomb not less sacred than if blessed by the united prayers of the whole Christian Episcopacy. Those unbribed mourners wept over a prince to whom God had given a large heart and a capacious mind; but who had derived from canonized bishops a corrupting education, and from too early and too unchecked prosperity the development of every base and cruel appetite; but to whom calamity had imparted a self-dominion from which none could withhold his reverence, and an active sympathy with sorrow to which none could refuse his love.

With happier fortunes, as, indeed, with loftier virtues, Matilda continued, for twenty five years, to wage war in defence of the apostolic see. After a life which might seem to belong to the province of romance rather than of history, she died at the age of seventy-five, bequeathing to the world a name second, in the annals of her age, to none but that of Hildebrand himself.

To him the Norman rescue of the papal city brought only a momentary relief. He returned in triumph to the Lateran. But, within a few hours, he looked from the walls of that ancient palace on a scene of woe such as, till then, had never passed before him. A sanguinary contest was raging between the forces of Robert and the citizens attached to Henry. Every street was barricaded, every house had become a fortress. The pealing of bells, the clash of arms, cries of joy, and shrieks of despair, assailed his ears in dismal concert. When the sun set behind the Tuscan hills on this scene of desolation, another light, and a still more fearful struggle, succeeded. Flames ascended at once from every quarter. They leaped from house to house, enveloping and destroying whatever was most splendid or most sacred in the edifices of mediæval Rome. Amidst the roar of the conflagration they had kindled, and by its portentous light, the fierce Saracens and the ruthless Northmen revelled in plunder, lust, and carnage, like demons by the glare of their native pandemonium. Gregory gazed with agony on the real and present aspect of civil war. Perhaps he thought with penitence on the wars he had kindled beyond the Alps. Two thirds of the city perished. Every convent was violated, every altar profaned, and multitudes driven away into perpetual and hopeless slavery.

Himself a voluntary exile, Gregory sought, in the castle of Salerno, and under the protection of

the Normans, the security he could no longer find among his own exasperated subjects. Age and anxiety weighed heavily upon him. An unwonted lassitude depressed a frame till now incapable of fatigue. He recognized the summons of death, and his soul rose with unconquerable power to entertain that awful visitant. He summoned round his bed the bishops and cardinals who had attended his flight from Rome. He passed before them, in firm and rapid retrospect, the incidents of his eventful life. He maintained the truth of the great principles by which it had been governed from the commencement to the close. He named his three immediate successors in the papacy. He assured his weeping friends of his intercession for them in heaven. He forgave, and blessed, and absolved his enemies, though with the resolute exceptions of the emperor and the anti-pope. He then composed himself to die. His faltering lips had closed on the transubstantiated elements. The final unction had given assurance that the body, so soon to be committed to the dust, would rise again in honor and in incorruption. Anxious to catch the last accents of that once oracular voice, the mourners were bending over him, when, struggling in the very grasp of death, he collected for one last effort, his failing powers, and breathed out his spirit with the indignant exclamation—"I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile."

It was not permitted, even to the genius of Hildebrand, to condense, into a single sentence, an epitome of such a life as his. It was a life scarcely intelligible to his own generation, or to himself, nor indeed to our age, except by the light of that ecclesiastical history in which it forms so important an era.

It had ill beseemed the inspired wisdom of the tent-maker of Tarsus, and of the Galilean fishermen, to have founded on any other than a popular basis a society destined to encounter the enmity of the dominant few by the zeal of the devoted many. From the extant monuments of their lives and writings, it accordingly appears that they conceded to the lay multitude an ample share in the finance, the discipline, and the legislation of the collective body. The deacons were the tribunes of the Christian people. This was the age of Proselytism.

In the sad and solemn times which followed, ecclesiastical authority became austere and arbitrary, and submission to it enthusiastic. Martyrs, in the contemplation of mortal agonies and of an opening paradise, had no thoughts for the adjustment and balancing of sacerdotal powers. They who braved the wild beasts of the amphitheatre, or the ascetic rigors of the wilderness, were the heroes of the church. The rest sunk into a degraded caste. But all laid bare their souls at the confessional. All acknowledged a dominion which, discountenanced by the state, sustained itself by extreme and recondite maxims of government. In virtue of such maxims, the episcopal order encroached on every other. The vicarious attributes of Deity were ascribed to those who ministered at the altar. There, and at the font, gifts of inestimable price were laid, in popular belief, at the disposal of the priest, whose miracles, though unattested by sense or consciousness, threw into the shade the mightiest works of Moses and of Christ. This was the age of Persecution.

Heretics arose. To refute them from the sacred text was sometimes difficult, always hazardous.

It was easier to silence them by a living authority. The bishops came forth as the elect depositories of an unwritten code. Tradition became the rule of the Christian world. It might crush the errors of Arius—it might sustain the usurpations of Ambrose. This was the age of Controversy.

Constantine saw the miraculous cross, and worshipped. He confirmed to the Christian hierarchy all their original and all their acquired powers. This was the age of the Church and State Alliance.

The seat of empire was transferred from the Tiber to the Bosphorus. The Roman bishop and clergy seized on the vacant inheritance of abdicated authority. The pope became the virtual sovereign of the Roman city. The Greeks and Latins became ecclesiastical rivals. Then was first heard the Roman watch-word and rallying cry of the visible unity of the church. This was the age of Papal Independence.

Goths, Vandals, Huns, Bulgarians, Franks, and Lombards, conquered the dominions of Cæsar. But they became the converts and tributaries of Peter. The repulse of the Saracens by Charles Martel gave to Europe a new empire, to the church a second Constantine. This was the age of Barbaric Invasion.

Europe became one vast assemblage of military states. The lands were everywhere partitioned by the conquerors among their liegemen, who, having bound themselves to use their swords in their lords' defence, imposed a similar obligation on their own tenants, who, in turn, exacted it from their subordinate vassals. This was the age of Feudalism and of Hildebrand.

He ascended the apostolic throne, therefore, armed with prescriptions in favor of the loftiest claims of the hierarchy, thus reaching back almost to the apostolic times. But he found in the papal armory other weapons scarcely less keen, though of a more recent fabric. Of these the most effective were the intimate alliance of the Roman See with the monastic orders, and the reëappearance, in theological debate, of that mystic word which, seven centuries before, had wrought such prodigies at Nicæa. He who first taught men to speak of an hypostatic change beneath unchanging forms, may have taught them to talk nonsense. But though he added little or nothing to the received doctrine of the church, he made an incalculable addition to the sacerdotal power.

To grasp, to multiply, and to employ these resources in such a manner as to render the Roman pontiff the suzerain of the civilized world, was the end for which Hildebrand lived—an unworthy end, if contrasted with the high and holy purposes of the gospel—an end even hateful, if contrasted with the free and generous spirit in which the primitive founders of the church had established and inculcated her liberties—yet an end which might well allure a noble spirit in the eleventh century, and the attainment of which (so far as it was attained) may be now acknowledged to have been conducive, perhaps essential, to the progress of Christianity and civilization.

To the spiritual despotism of Rome in the middle ages may, indeed, be traced a long series of errors and crimes, of wars and persecutions. Yet the papal dynasty was the triumphant antagonist of another despotism the most galling, the most debasing, and otherwise the most irremediable, under which Europe had ever groaned. The centralization of ecclesiastical power more than balanced the isolating spirit of the feudal oligarchies.

The vassal of Western, and the serf of Eastern Europe, might otherwise, at this day, have been in the same social state, and military autocracies might now be occupying the place of our constitutional or paternal governments. Hildebrand's despotism, with whatever inconsistency, sought to guide mankind, by moral impulses, to a more than human sanctity. The feudal despotism with which he waged war, sought, with a stern consistency, to degrade them into beasts of prey or beasts of burden. It was the conflict of mental with physical power, of literature with ignorance, of religion with injustice and debauchery. To the popes of the middle ages was assigned a province, their abandonment of which would have plunged the church and the world into the same hopeless slavery. To Pope Gregory the Seventh were first given the genius and the courage to raise himself and his successors to the level of that high vocation.

Yet Hildebrand was the founder of a tyranny only less odious than that which he arrested, and was apparently actuated by an ambition neither less proud, selfish, nor reckless, than that of his secular antagonists. In the great economy of Providence human agency is ever alloyed by some base motives; and the noblest successes recorded by history, must still be purchased at the price of some great ultimate disaster.

To the title of the Czar Peter of the Church conferred on him by M. Guizot, Hildebrand's only claim is, that by the energy of his will he moulded her institutions and her habits of thought to his own purposes. But the Czar wrought in the spirit of an architect who invents, arranges, and executes his own plan: Hildebrand in the spirit of a builder, erecting by the divine command a temple of which the divine hand had drawn the design and provided the materials. His faith in what he judged to be the purposes and the will of Heaven, were not merely sublime but astounding. He is everywhere depicted in his own letters the habitual denizen of that bright region which the damps of fear never penetrate, and the shadows of doubt never overcast.

To extol him as one of those Christian stoics whom the wreck of worlds could not divert from the straight paths of integrity and truth, is a mere extravagance. His policy was imperial; his resources and his arts sacerdotal. Anathemas and flatteries, stern defiance and subtle insinuations, invective such as might have been thundered by Genseric, and apologies such as might have been whispered by Augustulus, succeed each other in his story, with no visible trace of hesitation or of shame. Even his professed orthodoxy is rendered questionable by his conduct and language towards Berengarius, the great opponent of transubstantiation. With William of England, Philip of France, and Robert of Apulia, and even with Henry of Germany, he temporized at the expense of his own principles as often as the sacrifice seemed advantageous. "Nature gave horns to bulls:" to aspiring and belligerent churchmen she gave dissimulation and artifice.

Our exhausted space forbids the attempt to analyze or delineate the character of the great founder of the spiritual despotism of Rome. His acts must stand in place of such a portraiture. He found the papacy dependent on the empire: he sustained her by alliances almost commensurate with the Italian Peninsula. He found the papacy electoral by the Roman people and clergy: he left

it electoral by a college of papal nomination. He found the emperor the virtual patron of the Holy See: he wrested that power from his hands. He found the secular clergy the allies and dependents of the secular power: he converted them into the inalienable auxiliaries of his own. He found the higher ecclesiastics in servitude to the temporal sovereigns: he delivered them from that yoke to subjugate them to the Roman Tiara. He found the patronage of the church the mere desecrated spoil and merchandise of princes: he reduced it within the dominion of the supreme pontiff. He is celebrated as the reformer of the impure and profane abuses of his age: he is more justly entitled to the praise of having left the impress of his own gigantic character on the history of all the ages which have succeeded him.

From the Britannia.

THE STRENGTH OF ENGLAND.

It is a memorable characteristic of English history that, from the period of the Reformation—that period in which England first assumed the rank of a great kingdom—all the leading questions of her public life have been connected with religion. There is no such feature in the history of the continental kingdoms. After the first struggles of the Reformation, religion was superseded by politics, and politics themselves quickly sank from the public view under the shade of despotism. But in England religion was the perpetual object of popular inquiry, popular interest, and popular privileges. It mingled with every feature of public freedom; it influenced every advance of the national mind; it urged, sustained, and guided every step of that general progress which raised a feeble country into imperial power, which invested an island with dominion in every quarter of the globe, and which gave an authority to English opinion, exercising an unlimited control over the opinion of universal mankind.

These statements are undeniable; they are historic facts; they are the solid testimonials of time; and the conclusion is equally legitimate—that it has pleased the Great Disposer of all things to raise up England at once as a proof of providential protection, as the depository of divine truth, and as the champion of pure religion in all the assaults and corruptions of its enemies.

The principle of this religious existence is so effective, that its presence or absence shapes the whole history of England since it became a kingdom. From the accession of the first William to the reign of Henry VIII., the era of the Reformation, England was utterly popish. Its history was thus a succession of tyrannies. The country was convulsed with civil wars, or exhausted by foreign expeditions, equally wasteful, bloody, and useless. But, from the period of the Reformation, England rose into sudden strength. The throne still had difficulties to encounter, but they were gradually broken down; the progress was never retarded; the horizon was continually widening. It is not less remarkable, that this perpetual progress was less probable in the existence of England than of any other country. We can easily conjecture the progress of a continental power, with Europe open before it, and the boundaries of kingdoms ready to vanish before the march of its armies: but the boundaries of an island are prescribed by the hand of nature. Yet, at this hour, the territories ruled by this island are

of greater magnitude, and that magnitude acquired within a single century, than the whole Roman empire, the consolidation of a thousand years. One deep and melancholy interruption of her progress is recorded in the reign of the unfortunate Charles I. But that interruption gives only a new force to the fact, that the whole being of English freedom and prosperity depends upon religion. From the days of Elizabeth to our own all the great questions of the state have been especially religious. In the reign of William III. Popery was wholly excluded from the legislature. From that moment the country felt itself relieved of a weight which, even under the vigorous reign of Elizabeth, and the politic reign of James, had heavily encumbered its movements. From that act it seemed to have begun a new existence. From the hour when papists were suffered no more to corrupt the councils, deform the legislative countenance, and enfeeble the national vigor, purity, and independence of Protestantism, England sprang up like a "giant refreshed." Even the separation of the American colonies became a source of additional prosperity; and, instead of the drain of millions of British treasure, in supplying the financial exhaustion and guarding the frontiers of a new continent, America has been made the source of a perpetual supply of wealth and production to England.

But the most instructive feature of this history of perpetual religious impulse is, that it has been a perpetual controversy with Romanism. The various sectaries have troubled the peace of the church; but from the days of the second Charles they have never menaced either its power or its existence. Popery has done both. It is against Popery that the Church of England was raised as the national bulwark. Popery is the true peril; and the day which shall see the Church of England relax the most determined and principled resistance to Popery will see that church undone, the constitution mortally wounded, and the country preserving only strength enough to entomb them both, with useless tears and ignominious regrets, till it follows them to the grave.

But the ministerial cry is, "Maynooth must be endowed—we are pledged to it by the terms of the union." This is untrue. There was no such pledge at the union, nor at any other time. The grant has been repeatedly the subject of discussion since, and this pledge was never allowed. The grant has even been occasionally diminished. Other grants, made before the union, have been diminished, modified, and even extinguished. The grants to the Kildare-street schools, the grant to the Dublin Society, with a variety of local grants, have undergone constant changes; but no one argued their continuance on the pledge of the union. Even if the pledge had been given, did it authorize the increase of the grant? Or why is Parliament to support Popery at an expense which it never bestowed on Protestantism? Where is the vote for Oxford or Cambridge? Where is the £28,000 for enabling the sons of Protestants to be educated in a university? Where is the bounty to allure young men into Protestant orders? Not a shilling.

The next step will be to pay the Popish priesthood. This is to be justified to the Protestant by a piece of subtlety, at which Popery laughs already. "Pay the priests, and we shall separate them from the peasantry; they will lose the influence which superstition gives them; the priests

will be forgotten, and the peasantry will turn Protestant." And this is the argument addressed to a rational people! Who can doubt that the popish priest would be only the more excited to clamor by finding what clamor has already produced? That he will still keep up his closeness of connection with the populace is evident, from the incessant ceremonies forming the ritual of Rome; and that more money will give him, as it gives every one else, more power; that he will have more chapels, more pompous ceremonies, more of all the means which corrupt, or dazzle, or mislead the multitude.

If Popery shall be once endowed, it will be the established religion of Ireland. The advance is already made; another step and the evil is completed. Infatuation can go no further. Ireland will be popish and will be lost. In what shape divine vengeance will come is beyond our foresight to know; but it has been hitherto unfailing, and it will not spare us, when it is called down by an act of Protestant guilt, more gratuitous, more headlong, and more contemptuous, than all in the history of the empire.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

A CURIOUS correspondence between the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society and the Foreign Office, on the "right of search," has just appeared. It is remarkable for the naked manner in which the society denounce the present means of attempting to put down the slave-trade.

Their letter is signed, "On behalf of the committee, Thomas Clarkson, President," and is dated on the 1st of March, 1845. It points out that the society has always looked to the abolition of slavery as the only means of annihilating the slave-trade, and has therefore "never countenanced the suppression of the slave-trade by an armed force." The history of the traffic for many years past abundantly proves "the inefficiency, not to say impolicy, of that mode of suppression." The treaties for the purpose are defective; are rendered a dead letter by the positive bad faith of foreign powers; are impracticable, on account of the extent of the coast to be watched; and while the armed force is maintained at an immense cost, its use has aggravated the horrors of the traffic. "Governments may enter into negotiations, engage in treaties, enact laws, and promulgate ordinances for the abolition of the slave-trade; but the experience of thirty years has proved that all will be in vain if they are not in unison with the feelings and not supported by the opinions of the people themselves. What then is to be done? The committee would respectfully reply, direct all your energies and influence against the system of slavery." "An opportunity is now afforded." "France asks to be relieved from the right of search: in her case the equivalent should be the complete and immediate abolition of slavery in her colonial possessions. This would be a guarantee—the best guarantee which could be given—that her flag should not be surreptitiously employed in feeding them at least with slaves. And in asking this great act of justice and mercy from France, no indignity would be offered; for her government, her legislative chambers, and her people, have resolved that the abolition of slavery shall take place. It is then simply a question of time. Let that be fixed; and the day

which proclaims freedom to the unfortunate slave, in Martinique and Guadeloupe, in Bourbon and Cayenne, in Senegal and Algiers, be the epoch fixed for the abandonment of the right of search."

Lord Aberdeen replies through his under secretary, Viscount Canning. He expresses concurrence in much that the society say, and promises "respectful consideration" of the suggestion made; but he denies that the past course has been without good fruit. Portugal has of late executed in good faith the treaty of 1842; Spain has "redeemed the engagement of the treaty taken in 1835, for the enactment of a penal law of great severity against the slave-trade;" "and, though the unhappy beings yearly landed on the coast of Brazil may still be reckoned by thousands, the increasing demand for labor in that country places it beyond all doubt, that but for the operation of British cruisers, the numbers would have been many times multiplied." "But the influence of one country upon the domestic institutions of another, those institutions being recognized and upheld by the laws, and closely interwoven with the habits and interests of the people, can rarely be otherwise than slow and uncertain; and it becomes a matter of grave consideration, whether, in the hope of being able to contribute to the eventual abolition of slavery in Cuba and Brazil, the government of England would do wisely to abandon those means of direct action against the slave-trade, which, though far from complete in their operation, have not been without their good effect, and are likely, as Lord Aberdeen confidently trusts, to gain in efficiency."

[It is remarkable, that, if the society are so confident of the impolicy of the armed suppression, they do not at once propose to give up what is positively bad, without waiting to exact ulterior conditions. Such course would much facilitate the solution of all such questions of international morals.]—*Spectator*, 5 April.

The Æneid of Virgil. With English Notes, by CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D., Professor of Greek and Latin in Columbia College, and Rector of the Grammar School, New York. Edited by J. R. Major, D. D., Head Master of King's College School, London.

THE merit of Anthon's school editions of the Classics is well known both in this country and America, for the clearness and fulness of their explanations, whether relating to the constructing of the text or an explanation of its allusions. The present edition of *The Æneid of Virgil* is not only a neat and handy reprint of Professor Anthon's last school-book, the notes being placed at the foot of the page instead of relegated to the end: Dr. Major has improved the original in the only way perhaps it requires improvement, by omitting the translation of easy passages, and notes conveying information which in this country is at hand in Classical Dictionaries and other books used by the student.—*Spectator*.

FATHER MATHEW'S EMBARRASMENTS.—The subscriptions to compensate this gentleman for his heavy expenses while prosecuting the cause of teetotalism have already exceeded 7000*l.*—a sum nearly sufficient to cover the reverend gentleman's liabilities, but of course not enough to support the expense of another campaign.